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Cambria Freeman.

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COMPENSATION.

In that new world toward which our feet are set,
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
Has Heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,
When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

Or sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
The sunlit-tinted shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the lilting rain,
The warm, delicious, happy, summer rain,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little-birds break out in rippling song!

O, beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's mush, noon's blaze and sunset's tender light!
O, fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space
From snow to roses, and how dear her face
When the grass brightens and the days grow long.

O, happy earth! O, home so well beloved!
What recompense have we, from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole—
The hope of finding every vanished soul
We love and lose for daily, and for thee
Gladly we turn from thee and all thy bliss,
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song.
—Celia Thaxter, in Boston Journal.

VERVAIN'S MISTAKE.

The Bitter Lesson Learned by a Haughty Woman.

March in the mountains! Freshets roaring down the ravines; great thickets of pines tossing their green crests to and fro in the rush of the tempestuous wind; snow shining off on the plateaus, and pink clusters of trailing arbutus breaking into bloom in southern nooks and sheltered places where last winter's dead leaves had not yet drifted away. And Lucy Vervain, standing in her russet walking dress on the porch of the little mountain inn, wondered if the famous Bernese Alps were grander than these same Catskill heights.

Lucy Vervain was small and slight and brown skinned, but she had large, wistful eyes of so dark a hazel that they seemed to melt into black around the iris, and there were quick roses ready to deepen in her cheeks if any one spoke to her. She was pretty, in her way, like a wild flower, or a little brown-winged bird; and she looked around with a troubled air, as the sound of an excited feminine voice floated out from the one unpretentious little "best parlor" of the inn.

"It's outrageous!" said Miss Clara Vervain.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Mixit, who kept the house.

"Unendurable!" declared Miss Vervain.

"It does happen sometimes, ma'am, when the streams is high at the spring of the year," the landlord pleaded. "You see there ain't no bridge can stand the freshet, if—"

"And we have got to stay here in this horrid hole of a place until your tumble-down bridge is mended?"

"I don't see any other way for you, ma'am," said Mr. Mixit, meekly.

"It's the most provoking thing I ever knew in my life," said Miss Vervain.

She stalked about the room like a second Lady Macbeth as she spoke; for Clara was as unlike her blushing, shrinking little sister as the tall poppy is to the humble corn-flower. She was handsome and stately, and wore long trains to her dresses and bangles on her wrists, and used perfume on her handkerchiefs and "did" her hair after the latest fashion plates.

"It ain't *my* fault, ma'am," said the landlord, driven to the very confines of despair. "I can't stop the freshet, nor yet I can't build a new bridge."

"Clara dear, don't allow yourself to be so annoyed," soothed Lucy, coming like a noiseless little gray shadow into the room. "We shall only be detained a day after all, and I am sure it is very pleasant here."

"I am not accustomed to delays," said Miss Vervain, loftily.

"I know, dear, but—"

"And if I am compelled to remain in such a place as this," added Clara, glancing supercilliously around her, "I must really insist upon privacy."

"Eh?" said Mr. Mixit.

"That old person in the snuff-colored coat," said Miss Vervain, with a royal motion of her head toward an old gentleman in a wig and spectacles who was reading the paper by a distant window. "I dare say he will do very well in your kitchen or barroom, and I prefer this apartment to myself."

"Oh, Clara!" pleaded Lucy, crimsoning to the very roots of her hair.

The landlord looked puzzled, but the old man himself folded his newspaper, returned his spectacles to their case and rose slowly to his feet.

"Certainly, miss," said he; "certainly. If I'm intruding, I'll go to the kitchen. There's always room for me there. Eh, Mixit?"

And he trudged with alacrity out of the room, followed by mine host.

"I'm afraid you've hurt his feelings, Clara," said Lucy, piteously.

"Who cares for his feelings?" said Miss Vervain, sniffing at her scent bottles. "*Mine* are much more to the purpose. And I don't choose to associate with every country farmer in the Catskills."

"Clara, dear!"

"Well?"

"We are only a bookkeeper's daughters ourselves."

"As if that signified," said Miss Vervain, scornfully. "We are going to our aristocratic relations, aren't we?"

"But perhaps they won't care to keep us."

"That is neither here nor there," said Miss Vervain. "But you never had any proper pride, Lucy."

Little Lucy Vervain was still pondering with a puzzled brow over the distinction between proper pride and pride that was *not* proper when the landlord's wife, a buxom dame in madder-red calico and a frilled white apron, came to summon the guests to dinner.

"We've only roast fowl, with bread sauce and a little cranberry jelly," said Mrs. Mixit; "but it ain't often as folks stop here over a meal, and I hope, ladies, as you'll kindly pardon any shortcomings."

But Miss Vervain stopped short on the very threshold of the dining-room.

"I should prefer a table to myself," said she, haughtily.

"Ma'am!" said Mrs. Mixit.

"Dear Clara," pleaded Lucy, in an agony of distress, as she saw the red flush rise to the forehead of the old man in a snuff-colored suit who sat at the head of the well-spread board.

"I prefer dining with my sister only," insisted Miss Vervain, delighted with an opportunity of asserting her exclusiveness. "Really, I cannot imagine how people *can* obtrude themselves in this sort of way."

The old man rose quietly.

"Do I understand, young woman," said he, "that you object to me?"

"Yes, sir, I do object to you—if you compel me to put it in that way," said Miss Vervain.

"Indeed!" The old man lifted his grizzled brows. "I may not be one of your fashionable fops—"

"That is easily to be seen," contemptuously interpolated the young lady.

"But I am clean and decent," added the stranger. "However, I dare say Mrs. Mixit can accommodate me with a plate and knife and fork in another room, if my presence is really obnoxious to the young women."

"Young *ladies*, sir, if you please," said Miss Vervain, with a toss of her head.

He smiled a shrewd, sagacious smile.

"As to that," said he, "opinions may perhaps differ." And he followed Mrs. Mixit into the kitchen.

Clara Vervain took her seat complacently at the table.

"These people will begin after awhile to comprehend the difference between a lady and a shop-girl," said she. "It is quite evident that they are not favored with many travelers."

Half an hour afterward, as the old man in the snuff-colored suit was stepping into his plain little carriage, a soft hand touched his sleeve, and, turning, he found himself looking into Lucy Vervain's troubled brown eyes.

"Well, my dear," said he, kindly, "what is it?"

"I—I only wanted to beg your pardon, sir," faltered the little brunette. "I am sure my sister did not mean to hurt your feelings, and—"

"I am sure at all events that *you* did not," said the old man, kindly. "And I dare say your sister will be wiser one of these days!"

And thus speaking, he nodded good-humoredly and drove away.

It was nearly dark, however, before the clumsy carry-all which was to convey the two New York ladies to their destination arrived, and they entered it.

"To Cliff hall," said Miss Vervain, haughtily, as she leaned back in the seat, and settled her skirts languidly around her.

"Cliff hall!" said Mr. Mixit, staring.

"You don't never mean as you're going to Cliff hall!" echoed Mrs. Mixit.

"I think we have considerably astonished these good people," said Miss Vervain with a smile, as they rattled away from the door.

"I only hope our Uncle Cliff will receive us kindly," sighed poor Lucy.

Cliff hall was a substantial old mansion built of gray stone, with a succession of terraces falling down the mountain's side, and exquisite groups of statuary half-hidden in the forest trees; and the lights were already beginning to gleam hospitably along its front as they drove up. An old man-servant opened the outside door just far enough to reveal the cheery glow of a wood fire and the deep tints of a crimson Axminster carpet within.

"Is my Uncle Cliff at home?" said Miss Vervain, with an air and a grace.

"Mr. Cliff is—ay, mem," answered the servant, with a strong Scotch accent.

"Tell him his nieces from New York are here—the Misses Vervain," said Clara, as she swept into the antechamber.

As she entered, an old man dressed in snuff-brown rose from before the blazing logs.

"My nieces from New York, eh?" said Caleb Cliff. "They are welcome."

And to Miss Vervain's surprise and dismay she found herself face to face with the old man of the Catskill wayside inn.

"You are astonished?" said he, slightly arching his brows. "So am I. It is not always best to judge by appearances. Sit down, Sanders," to the servant, "let dinner be served."

Miss Clara Vervain left Cliff hall the next day, with all her bright anticipations shattered to the dust. But little brown-faced Lucy stayed to keep house for her uncle.

"She's too genteel for us, isn't she?" chuckled old Caleb Cliff, as the carriage drove away which was to carry Miss Vervain to the New York station.

Clara went back to her teaching, and if the bitter tears of repentant mortification can wash out the past, that day in the Catskills would have been erased long ago.

"If I had only known who he was," said Miss Vervain.

Alas! this world is full of "*ifs*!"—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

Peat in America.

Peat beds are commonly supposed to be peculiar to Ireland, and few people know that they are almost as abundant in this country as on the Emerald Isle. There are many large beds in northern New York, while in New England and Pennsylvania they are also common, and are found in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota. Extensive peat tracts exist in Canada, Labrador and Newfoundland, and the island of Anticosti, in the gulf of St. Lawrence, has the largest peat bed in the world. It is over eighty miles long and from two to seven miles wide, the thickness varying from three to ten feet. The peat is of the best quality, but owing to the cheapness of coal is very little used.

Lightning Could Not Catch Him.

A member of the Atlanta (Ga.) police force claims to be the only man in the world who has been "struck at" by lightning four times within two hours and not once hit. He was one day standing under a poplar tree when another tree in the same row was struck and shivered to pieces by a flash of lightning. He ran into a house near by, when a second bolt struck the kitchen, stunning everybody in the house. An hour later, during a second thunderstorm, the officer was riding in a wagon when lightning struck a tree and threw five hundred pounds of wood across the wagon between himself and the driver. Arriving at home he repaired to his private room in the third story, and had just retired for the night when a flash of exceptional brilliancy unroofed the building.—Harper's Young People.

A BRAKEMAN'S PERILS.

His Life Is One of Danger and Discomfort.

Yet He Is a Happy, Care-Free Individual, Who Does Not Seem to Heed Perils and Hardships—His Unenviable Lot.

Perhaps hundreds of people have noticed the swinging ropes dependent from the supports crossing the tracks, which are used to warn the brakemen on top of the cars that a bridge is a little further on, and give them a chance to duck their heads out of danger.

Of all those who have seen these and considered the idea a good one how many have given a thought to the danger, the pleasure and the changing incidents of a typical railroad man's life? By the typical man is not meant the one whose urbane presence adorns the business offices of the company, or the one with whom you come in contact when in a city station, or in looking after the shipping of your baggage, but the man who "runs on the road" is the type that is in every sense a railroad man.

On most railroads the freight train men—engineers, conductors, brakemen and firemen—are the most numerous and prominent class, as the number of freight trains is much larger than that of passenger trains.

Among this great throng the brakemen form the majority, as there are two or more on every train, while there is but one of the other classes. As the ranks of the passenger train service are usually recruited from the freight train men, it follows that the freight brakeman stamps his individuality on all the circles through which he moves, as promotion carries him forward.

A brakeman has his wits sharpened by peculiar experiences, and though he may not possess any intellectual training worthy of the name, still his contact with the world in the calling he has chosen tends to develop qualities that are elevating to the individual, if he chooses to make them so.

With no intercourse with the public, they still learn very quickly what is the right thing in the right place, and a promoted brakeman does not need much training to enable him to bear himself with grace in his dealings with lady passengers and irascible old gentlemen.

The brakeman proper is a slangy individual, but big slang is so expressive that the correct mode of expression is entirely forgotten in the new and appropriate lore. For instance, to him a gravel train is a "dust express," and the pump for compressing air for the power brake becomes a "wind jammer" in his vernacular.

The disagreeable features of a freight brakeman's life are principally those dependent upon the weather. A man would have but little cause for complaint if in winter he could perform his duties in southern California and in summer ride through the picturesque northern sections of this side of the continent.

He would, however, even if permitted his choice in this direction, have to encounter that noble army of tramps that abound north, south, east and west, and which in many cases proves a positive danger. In the milder climates these gentlemen of leisure will persist in riding in or on the cars, and it is the trainman's duty to act according to instructions and keep them off.

This is no easy matter when a gang armed with pistols takes possession of the train and dictates where they shall be carried. One or two specimens armed with heavy sticks are quite enough to tackle, and it is a matter of no little moment when it comes to persuading them that their room is preferred to their company.

The hardships of cold and stormy weather are most serious, both because of the test of endurance involved and the extra difficulty in handling the train.

The Westinghouse automatic air brake, though in use on all passenger trains, is only used on certain lines for freight trains, as it was necessary to adapt and cheapen it in order to make it available on long trains of freight cars.

Braking by hand is still the rule, and unless ascending a grade or going very slowly the brakeman must be in his place on top of the car, for as a rule there are not more than four men on one train, and each must be at his post as they dash down grade, or with high speed tear across some level stretch, ready at a moment to apply the brakes on the great mass of from five hundred to one thousand tons that must be made to come under their control.

In descending steep grades only the most constant and skillful care prevents the train from rushing at breakneck speed to the foot of the incline or to a curve where it would be precipitated over an embankment and crushed to pieces. It requires a wonderful nicety of judgment, this braking by hand, for before all the cars have crossed the summit the forward part of the train has gained in velocity and will thus by its weight exert a terrific pull on those cars still crawling up the hill.

If one of the couplings chances to be weak it breaks, and in many cases away rushes the engine and the forward portion, while the center, left without a brakeman, comes tearing down the grade, dragging the rear cars with it. The engineer then has the choice of slackening up and allowing the unmanageable cars to collide violently with his portion, or to increase speed and run the risk of overtaking a train ahead of him.

To avoid this breaking in two the brakeman must be wide-awake and see that the brakes are tightened before the speed even begins to elude control. Imagine when this has all been done that it is discovered that some of the brakes have been set too tightly. The friction heats the wheels and the brake must be released, and some on other cars applied instead.

It does not matter if the wind is blowing a gale or the thermometer has fallen many degrees below zero. These details must be attended to in such weather as well as under more favorable circumstances.

Think of standing on top of one of those moving cars, with rain and sleet falling on the face and hands, the brake coated with ice and the roof as slippery as glass. Add to this the danger of stepping from one car to another over a gap of twenty-seven to thirty inches on a dark night when the cars are constantly moving up and down on their springs or swaying from one side to the other every few seconds.

This stepping or jumping across is something absolutely appalling in its dangerous features when the roofs are so slippery that even walking on them is attended with the greatest possible risk. A high wind often compels the brakemen to crawl from one car to another in order to avoid being blown off.

As enviable as their lot appears in summer, when we see the long trains gliding in and out among the hills, bounded on one side by a charming prospect of river and meadow land, and on the other by the cool, green trees that nestle at the foot of some grand old mountain, they endure even then the many discomforts unknown to the watcher from the piazza of some summer hotel.

In dashing through some shaded valley they may be drenched to the skin by a sudden shower, and within half an hour, perhaps, the ascent of a few hundred feet brings the train into an atmosphere a few degrees below the freezing point, so that, with the aid of the wind fanned by the speed of the train, the clothes are very soon frozen stiff.

Bushels of cinders fly through the air, but, strange as it may appear, the men become accustomed to these in bulk, where one would cause a world of discomfort.

Another feature, often involving suffering and danger, is "going back to flag." When a train is unexpectedly stopped on the road the brakeman at the rear end must immediately take his red flag or lantern and go back half a mile or so and give the stop signal to the engineer of any train that might be following.

In clear weather and on a level stretch this order is frequently disregarded, and lazy fellows will, at the risk of their lives, even neglect to do it on dark and stormy nights, though in most cases the men are faithful and will go out and stand for a long time in a severe snowstorm liable to freeze to death from the merciless cold. Perhaps it is the very fact that they are constantly surrounded by danger to life and limb that these trainmen become careless and foolhardy, and do the most reckless things with no thought of consequences.

Coupling accidents, however, are practically unavoidable, because—though the necessary manipulations can be made without going between the cars or placing the hands in a dangerous position—most of the men prefer to run the risk in order to facilitate matters. According to the regulations of most roads the operation must be performed with the aid of a stick, but disregarding this order, partly to save time or perhaps because they fear the ridicule that would be called forth by their lack of skill in this direction, the average brakeman prefers to use his fingers.

He must lift the link and hold it horizontally until the end enters the opening, and then withdraw his hand before the heavy drawbars come together. A delay of a quarter of a second would crush the hand or finger as under a trip-hammer.

The number of trainmen with wounded hands that may be seen in every large freight yard is sad evidence of the fact that this delay often occurs. But assuming that this part of the operation is accomplished in safety, there is still the possibility of being crushed bodily.

Cars are built with projecting timbers on their ends at or near the center for the purpose of keeping the main body of the cars ten or twelve inches apart, but cars of different makes frequently meet in such a way that the projections on one lap pass those on another and the space which should be maintained for the safety of the man is missing.

If in the hurry of his work or the darkness of the night the man fails to note these peculiarities he is crushed without a moment's warning, the ponderous vehicles coming together on his helpless body with the force of many tons. A constant danger in coupling and uncoupling is the liability to catch the feet in angles in the track.

This is peculiarly the case when the uncoupling must be done while the train is in motion. The hazardous work and the perils described are those to which only the brakemen are liable; but all trainmen lead lives more or less filled with danger, for no matter what position they occupy there is ever the possibility of a collision, a landslide or a hundred other conditions that menace their lives that the man or woman who reads this dreams not of.

If it does nothing more than make us appreciate our own homes and the freedom from personal danger in our seemingly monotonous pursuits, then the telling of the incidents in the everyday life of a brakeman has accomplished much.

But to the kind-hearted and unselfish men and women who for the first time have realized the dangers to those lives running parallel with theirs, yet so entirely distinct, there will come a rush of sympathy for the men whose work compels them to brave the fury of the elements, while we are housed safe and warm before a fire, the material for which has through the efforts of some brakeman been brought to our doors.—Philadelphia Times.

IMPROVISING A DRESS SUIT.

An American's Experience in a London Theater.

"About eight years ago," said an American traveler, "I was in London, Eng. One day I bought a stall to see Patti at the Royal. A stall corresponds to our boxes. When the evening came I took the ladies around and walked in at the door. But I did not get far.

"'You cannot come in here,' said the doorkeeper.

"'Why not?' I asked, in surprise; 'here are my seat tickets.'

"'Well, you cannot enter,' he replied, decisively; 'your coat is a frock, and nothing but dress suits are allowed.'

"I expostulated. I told him that my hotel was a long way off and that the ladies would be greatly disappointed. I was an American and did not know the rule of the theater.

"Finally he told me to go into the dressing-room, where the attendants might be able to fix me out all right.

"I went, expecting to pay two or three crowns for the loan of a coat. The fellow looked at me a second, whipped a pin from his lapel and pinned my coattails back, and I found myself in evening dress!

"I gave the man half a crown."

BABY BARBARA.

What is the hue of the baby's eyes—
Baby Barbara's? Tell me true.
Brown like the earth in a garden spot
Or blue as the sweet forget-me-not?
Ah, black as a sloe perhaps are they—
Now, what is their color? Who can say?

What is the tint of the baby's hair—
Baby Barbara's? Tell me, pray.
Is it a kind of a golden crown
That from Heaven's gateway drifted down,
Or brown like the locks her mother wears,
With sunbeams caught in its tangled snares?

And what are the baby's other charms—
Baby Barbara's? Tell me true.
Are dimples hid in each rosy cheek
Where the harshest plays at hide and seek,
And wond'ring looks in her open eyes
That tell each day of a new surprise?

It is a mystery all to me
Baby Barbara, but some day
I'll hold you close in my loving arms.
My baby girl with a million charms,
And, looking you over and over again,
Say: "Barbara—well, I like you name."

And, liking your name, my baby girl,
I'll love you too, for myself alone
And when you have grown up tall and fair,
And hearts are caught in your tangled hair,
You'll come to me in that far-off day,
But, Barbara, I'll be old and gray.
—R. L. Cary, Jr., in Chicago Mail.

DANGEROUS SITUATION.

An American's Experience in the Franco-Prussian War.

Twenty years ago, when the Prussians, like a ring of iron, drew their invincible army slowly around the fortifications of Metz, I found myself in a little French village that had just been taken possession of by the Germans. I was correspondent for a Cincinnati paper during what the French persist in calling the Franco-Prussian, and the Germans persist in calling the Franco-German war.

A low stone coping ran along the road at the end of the village, and one sunny day I stood here leaning against the wall, beside the sentry.

For several days only some slight skirmishes had taken place between the two armies engaged at this point.

They were separated here by a diminutive valley, whose sides were covered with that most delicious fruit for which this region of the Moselle is famous—bunches of glowing autumn grapes.

Those grapes, as I gazed down upon them, tempted me wonderfully. I knew the sentry beside me he was a large Pomeranian, who, in the capacity of his calling, had shaved me a number of times in the capital of Prussia. But as I expressed an inclination to descend the hillside and secure some of the fruit, the sentry shook his head.

"Down there," said he, "in the midst of that thicket of trees and vines, the place was swarming with Frenchmen only too eager to get a shot at a man."

I leaned at his words. "Why, what can you see down there, Moritz?" I said. And, in truth, as we gazed down, the scene seemed peaceful enough.

Two peasant women, in gaudy costumes, were gathering grapes in little baskets. Beyond, on the other side of the valley, ran a wall, upon which we could catch a glimpse of the red trousers of the French sentry lolling there.

After a moment's hesitation I leaped suddenly over the coping and ran lightly down the hill. Moritz cried the words of a hasty warning after me, but the sounds fell unintelligibly upon my ears. The two French peasant women dropped their baskets, and ran hastily away at the sight of what they took to be the approach of one of those dreaded Prussians.

In another moment my parched gums were feasting upon those famous grapes. They were delicious. I can taste them yet.

My pleasure was of short duration. From some close quarter a shot came suddenly and tore away a bunch a few inches from my outstretched hand. I thought at first that this was a joke on the part of my friend, the sentry, and was just turning about to protest against such grim humor when another shot came in as close proximity, but fortunately without harming me.

The bright sun dazed my faculties for an instant. What should I do? I could not ascend that steep and unprotected hill behind me and reach the stone coping alive.

I plunged into the thicket where probably the very danger was lurking, and yet it was my only refuge.

I slipped carefully through the rows of vines until I found myself in the shelter of the trees that covered the bottom of the valley. A little stream ran past here, and the wood, though small, was very dense.

What troubled me most was that the crackling twigs censelessly betrayed my footsteps. The whole ground was covered with dead branches. I halted and listened, after every step, for another sound or sign of the enemy.

If they were near they must infallibly have heard the noise of my movements; yet I could not hear the slightest noise of their presence.

As I stood here, unmolested for a time at least, I began to speculate on a way out of this dilemma into which I had thoughtlessly wandered. My eye restlessly roamed from tree to tree, seeking a safe avenue for retreat. All things were so still that I could hear a faint rattling of musketry, so distant that the fall of a leaf would have drowned the sound borne on the trembling wind.

Of a sudden a grumbling voice broke upon my ears so close to me that it was startling.

"On est it donc?" inquired the grumbler, in a voice that was intended for his companion only, but which reached me distinctly, so near were we to each other.

The other answered, but his words escaped me. They spoke together in lowered tones as they stood there, and from what I overheard, they seemed to think that I, not being in uniform, was a spy trying to creep through the French lines.

A sudden great crackling of the twigs made me retreat to the stream, and covered the sound of my progress.

"Ah," I muttered to myself, "there come the two grape-pickers." I thought that the two Frenchmen were approaching to investigate my position, but here, instead, the noise was caused by the heavy sabots of the two peasant women, who advanced, peering through the trees, as if they were also seeking the whereabouts of the fugitive Prussian.

There was something odd in their appearance, and, though I could gain but a passing glimpse of them, I made a discovery.

The two women were carrying muskets in their hands.

Those, indeed, were masculine forms and faces. And their voices! Fool that I was, not to have recognized them before.

I retreated softly and quickly, half along the sandy bed of the stream, half along the white stones that lay in the shallow water. Thus I threaded the bed of the stream until the voices of my pursuers grew fainter. I had proceeded some distance, and now, through the thinning trees, I saw that I had come within shooting distance of the red-trousered sentinel lying upon the wall sunning himself.

There were, in fact, two sentries there; one lolling upon the wall and the other leaning against it with but his head and shoulders visible. I observed them very distinctly; I heard their voices now and then, and the lazy yawning of the one that lay in the sunlight.

I saw their chassepots gleaming in the sun, and in such close proximity they were an ugly look.

I was safe, however, as long as their attention was not attracted toward me, and so I turned my thoughts to my two pursuers would. I had heard them hunting and cursing for awhile far in my rear, but now all noise of them had died away.

Happening to turn my glance up to the stone coping, to which I longed to return, I saw, to my surprise, that the two grape-pickers had given up my pursuit and were engaged in their former occupation again. But now they were much nearer to the coping than they had been before, and under the cover of their pretended employment they were still slowly but surely advancing. I well perceived their object.

Here was a predicament truly. The sentinel, not possessed of an abundance of wit, would let the two aggrieved unchallenged, until they were near enough to turn suddenly and shoot him with their hidden weapons and yet were I to attempt to warn him, swift and sure retribution would be upon my own head, both from before and behind me.

But this was not all. At the place where I stood in hiding the foliage that sheltered the stream grew scarce and ended. Before me was a wide plot of unprotected turf.

On the other side of this, open since the thicket there began to stealthily be stirred. I saw the tops of the bushes nod. What other foe lay crouching there? Was there one who could see me and was aiming at me even now perhaps? Was the thicket full of soldiers who would rush forth when the death-shot of the sentry above should ring out?

This train of nervous fancies, however, was now interrupted. Rising carefully from the midst of the bushes I saw a well-known pointed helmet. A head rose, too, and a hand that waved a greeting.

It was Moritz, who, grown uneasy at my non-appearance, had stolen down to ferret out the cause.

Immense as was the figure of the Pomeranian, yet he concealed himself very ably. I noticed from his actions that he guarded himself only from the view of the two sentries by the wall, seeming to think that screened from them he would be safe.

As he crawled carefully out into the open, therefore, I attracted his attention to the two masculine females who had gradually stolen close to the coping.

The Pomeranian knelt in the grass and looked up. As he noted the two figures and the intentions which their movements betrayed, his face became transfixed with rage. So terrible was the wrath depicted upon it that I was glad to see it turned towards others than myself.

One of those figures up there, in his gaudy costume, had already reached the coping and, with his chassepot to his shoulder ready for firing, peered stealthily over the stone wall to locate the sentry.

At this act and those costumes of duplicity, the large Pomeranian, regardless of all consequences, leaped from the earth and fairly bellowed with rage. It seemed to infuriate him beyond reason that those two rogues above should have thus deceived him. A sudden flash from his gun thoroughly annihilated the disguised soldier at the coping.

Swinging his gun like a club and roaring with fury, he ran up the hillside toward the other. Somehow his actions aroused me to a like fury, and we both tore madly up the hill toward the skirted soldier who, turning, seemed struck as if by a thunderbolt at our sudden approach.

The shot of Moritz had sent the echoes reverberating among the hills. The French outposts leaped up, as if electrified, from their sunny wall; innumerable others started up from the surrounding thickets. A rain of bullets fairly peppered the grassy slope.

But our sudden onrush had carried us in advance of the hail. The quick, uncertain aiming of the enemy also led to the fortunate fact that we remained uninjured.

So quickly was the Pomeranian upon his foe, that the latter had no time to recover from his surprise, not even to raise his gun. The onslaught of the huge fellow bore the little Frenchman to the earth, and the Pomeranian picked him up, neck and crop, and dragged him over the wall.

The red-trousered grape-picker was then led, jeered and hooted at, through the village—a most dejected skirmisher.

The chassepots across the way yelped angrily at us throughout the rest of the day; but two days afterward, that hillside over there was swarming with Prussians, and the iron ring had closed more closely about Metz.—Charles A. Collmann, in Detroit Free Press.

A Georgia Story.

Ben Pierce, colored, while fishing in the run of Clyatt's mill creek, near Valdorta, Ga., caught a small bream and, as usual, when he pulled the fish he jerked so hard that the fish went fifteen feet above his head and lodged in a thick cluster of bushes about five feet from the ground. Just as Ben looked up for his fish he saw a large rattlesnake lodge on the bushes. He threw his pole down and stepped off a few feet to get his gun. But on his return he found the snake had swallowed the fish and come down from the bushes and was crawling off with fish, line and pole. But Ben succeeded in killing him. The snake measured seven feet nine inches, and had sixteen rattles and a button.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - - JUNE 3, 1892.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Congressman at Large.
GEORGE A. ALLEN, Erie.
THOMAS P. MERRITT, Berks.

For Supreme Judge.
CRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

For Electors at Large.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, Tioga.
JNO. C. BULLITT, Philadelphia.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Franklin.
DAVID T. WILSON, Allegheny.

For District Electors.

Samuel G. Thompson,	Clement R. Wainright,
Adam S. Conway,	Charles H. Lafferty,
W. Redwood Wright,	Cleeve R. Lewis,
John G. Jones,	William Mohan,
James Duffey,	Charles D. Rees,
S. W. Trimmer,	Samuel S. Lyon,
Azor Lathrop,	F. C. Hipple,
Thomas Chalfant,	W. H. Hemmelright,
P. H. Strahinger,	H. B. Piper,
Jacob D. Orr,	Charles A. Fagan,
Andrew S. Payton,	John D. Hraden,
Michael Liebel,	Thomas McDowell,
J. K. P. Hall.	

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
L. D. WOOMERUFF.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Congressional Conference.)

For Senate,
GEORGE E. CONRAD.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Senatorial Conference.)

For Assembly,
JAMES J. THOMAS.

For Prothonotary,
J. C. DARBY.

For Register and Recorder,
D. A. McGOUGH.

For District Attorney,
F. L. O'CONNOR.

For Poorhouse Director,
RAPHAEL HITE.

For Surveyor,
H. SCANLAN.

Notice.

To the members of the Democratic county committee of Cambria county.

You are hereby notified that you will be expected to attend a meeting of the Committee in Ebensburg on Monday, June 27, 1892, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of filling the vacancy on the County ticket caused by the resignation of Ed. T. McNeelis, as one of the nominees for the Legislature. CHAS. M. SWANK,
Johnstown Pa., June 21. Chairman.

SOME notion of the progress of electrical invention may be formed from the announcement that 8079 patents were issued in France during 1891 for the application of electricity to new and improved uses. Rapid as has been the advance in our knowledge of this mysterious force, it is evident that we are only beginning to understand its manifold applicability in the useful arts.

EMMONS BLAINE, the second son of James G. Blaine, ex-secretary of state, died at 11:15 o'clock on Saturday morning at the McCormick mansion in Chicago. He had been ill but a few hours and his death was wholly unexpected. Septicaemia which developed late on Friday night from a bowel complaint was the immediate cause of death. He was about thirty-five years of age.

REPUBLICAN estimates of the chances of carrying Indiana always omit to mention the important element of uncertainty introduced by the reformed election law, and by the unhappy severances of relations between the President and his conductor, Col. Dudley. It is hard to believe that Indiana can be carried for Harrison without Dudley, because it is impossible to believe that Dudley would have been employed if Indiana could have been carried without him.

JUDGE BOND, of the United States courts in Baltimore, in the case of Charles E. McAllister, alleged agent of Bram & Pritts, oleomargarine manufacturers, of Chicago, who was arrested under the Maryland law relating to the sale of oleomargarine, held that the arrest was illegal and discharged the prisoner. The Judge said: "That a person may import an article from a foreign country, or one of the States of the Union, and sell in the condition which it was imported, is not to be disputed now, after a long line of decisions by the Supreme court. A state may regulate a sale and storage of articles dangerous to the health of the city, but it cannot prohibit the importation."

MR. WHITELAW REID, the Republican nominee for Vice President, says the Philadelphia *Herald*, has been a persistent and relentless foe to organized labor for the past fifteen years. When his appointment as minister to France was suggested, the Typographical Union, probably the most intelligent and influential labor organization in the country, protested that such a move by the President would be a slap at every labor union in the country. But the appointment was made; organized labor was snubbed and the New York *Tribune* office still remained a place where conspiracies against the rights of the workingman to organize were hatched and carried out.

A few weeks prior to the Minneapolis convention Mr. Reid returned from Europe. Did his heart go out towards the workingman or was the locked out union printer called to the *Tribune* office? Not much. But a few days prior to the convention it was whispered about that Vice President Morton was to be thrown down and that Mr. Whitelaw Reid might be made the tail of the Harrison kite. Then Mr. Whitelaw Reid saw before him the vision of organized labor protesting. Immediately Mr. Reid or the wiser-headed manager in charge of the *Tribune* office agreed to take in a union foreman and a few other union printers to handle the type set by the labor saving machines.

For fifteen years Whitelaw Reid has been the enemy of organized labor, and he yielded only when it became his interest to do so. Is the Union printer to be satisfied with his sop after being kicked and insulted for nearly a score of years? If organized labor does not make it warm for Mr. Whitelaw Reid then its professed object is a sham, its pretentions to influence a farce, and its members deserving of no sympathy in their combats with greed, grasping employers.

Organized labor as a self-respecting force, is now on trial.

Our Next President.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE Democratic convention met at Chicago on Tuesday and at 12:45 was called to order by Chairman Brice. After prayer by Rev. John Rouse, William C. Owens, of Kentucky, who had been selected by the committee as temporary chairman was escorted to the platform and made a happy and telling speech, advising the Democracy to be prudent and free themselves from petty bickerings in choosing a candidate for the presidency.

Delegate Cable, of Illinois, in referring to the death of Emmons Blaine in Chicago on Saturday, offered the following resolution which was adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That this convention tender its profound sympathy to that distinguished American—James G. Blaine—in the heavy affliction which has befallen him.

After the call of states and appointment of committees the convention adjourned until 11 o'clock on Wednesday.

On Wednesday the convention met at 11 o'clock. The committee on permanent organization reported William L. Wilson of West Virginia, as permanent chairman; S. P. Sheerin, of Wisconsin, for permanent secretary; and a list of assistants and vice presidents and secreteries by states.

Reports of committees on credentials, resolutions, platform etc., and a number of speeches consumed the time until the convention took a recess until 5 P. M.

The convention again assembled at 5 P. M. After considerable discussion on the platform reported, the convention finally proceeded to the business of nominating candicates.

Governor Abbett, of New Jersey, made the speech nominating Grover Cleveland, of New York. Hon. H. C. Dewitt, of New York, placed ex-Governor Hill in nomination.

Hon. John M. Dunscomb, of Iowa, addressed the convention and nominated Governor Horace Boies, of Iowa.

A dispatch received to day says a vote was taken at 4:20 this Thursday morning which Cleveland was nominated. The total vote was Cleveland 616½ Hill 112 Bois 103 Gorman 36.

Up to the hour of going to press we have heard of no nomination for Vice President. There is a strong probability however that it will be ex-Governor Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana.

SECRETARY EDGE, of the state board of agriculture, has received reports from all parts of the state from which he is enabled to make some crop estimates. He says there is an increase acreage of wheat and with the average yield placed at 100 returns indicate the crop of 1892 at 113 with a possible 115 with favorable weather at harvest time. The crop of straw will be considerably below that of last year, but up to the average of the last ten or twelve years. The backward and the wet spring has seriously affected the corn and the farmers will loose 550,000 bushels. Oats has also suffered from wet weather and cold spring. There will be a larger crop than last year, owing to an increase acreage. Owing to the low price which prevailed the acreage in potatoes is reduced, leaving it about 125,000 acres. An average crop may be expected. The yiel of hay will be below the average of the past ten years. Secretary Edge says considered as a whole, average crops may be estimated with an advance in prices all along the line. Live stock is in very good shape.

J. C. STINEMAN, chairmen of the Republican county committee, has issued a call for the election of delegates, and a county convention for the purpose of placing in nomination a county ticket. The delegate election will take place on Saturday July 9th, and the convention will meet on the following Monday. The convention thus called will be perfectly safe in endorsing Harrison's administration as Harrison stock is now up and Quay's down. The last Republican county convention in this county, laboring under the impression that Quay would be able to knock out Mr. Harrison very considerately refrained from giving Benjamin's administration the benefit of its approval. But things are different now, and the postmasters will want to get in out of the rain.

THE iron workers of the country, says the Pittsburg *Post*, have had a powerful object lesson in the way of a demonstration of the fact that the wages they get is not due to the high tariff policy of the Republican party, but to their own organization. The McKinley bill raised the average of the so-called protective tariff from 43 to 60 per cent, yet the iron workers have been asked to accept a reduction of wages ranging from 20 to 60 per cent. As one of the benificent results of a high tariff how is this for high? It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and it is also a poor tariff that won't protect the employed as well as the employer. Why should workingmen vote to uphold a "protective" policy that does not protect them?

EX-STATE SENATOR James S. Rutan, died at his home in Allegheny on Saturday last, aged about fifty-four years.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. June 18, 1892. Democratic Senators and Representatives will be plentiful at Chicago, and those who do not go in person will be there in spirit to assist in the selection of the next President and Vice President of the United States. The Democrats in Congress have widely differing opinions as to who ought to be nominated, but they all agree that the nominee, whoever he may be, will be elected. There is no hard feelings between the champions of the several gentlemen who are being pushed for the nomination, it is only a question of availability.

It is conceded by all that Mr. Cleveland will have a majority on the first ballot, and the most sanguine of his supporters claim that he will get more than the two-thirds on the first ballot. Conservative men believe that if the votes of neither Cleveland nor Hill show a rapid increase after the first ballot they will both be dropped. There is, however, a good deal of guess-work about ante-convention predictions, no matter how well posted their makers may be.

Senator Pugh is one of those who believe that the nomination of Senator Gorman is a political necessity, in order to prevent the third party getting a foothold in the South. He says that several of the Southern States will be in danger, if they are not actually lost, if any other man is nominated.

Democrats are not at all alarmed over the rumors of the formation of a silver party. If the dissatisfied silver Republicans should all go into a movement, and they should be joined by the silver men of the South, they could easily carry enough states to throw the election of President into the House, which would, of course, means a Democratic President.

Mr. Harrison's friends give his case away constantly in private. Mr. John W. Foster, of Indiana, who has held ever since this administration came in peculiar relations with the department of state—some say that Mr. Harrison has used him as a spy upon Mr. Blaine —, having authority only second to that of the Secretary, stated privately since Mr. Harrison's renomination that he considered Indiana a very doubtful state, with the chances decidedly in favor of the Democrats if no blunder is made by the Chicago convention. That is a good deal for a man as near to Mr. Harrison as Mr. Foster is to admit, and shows that the Indiana Democrats in Congress know just what they are talking about when they say that the electoral vote of Indiana is certain to be cast for the nominees of the Chicago convention.

Representative Shadrack of South Carolina, who died suddenly from heart failure, this week, makes the sixth member of the Fifty-second Congress that has been struck down by the relentless hand of the rider of the pale horse.

It is probable that Mr. Harrison will use the vacancy in his cabinet and also that upon the Supreme court to placate some of the influential Republicans who are dissatisfied with his renominatian. With that end in view, Secretary Elkins has been sent to get the advice of Chauncey Depew, and to consult with ex-bosses Platt and Miller, of New York, and there is reason for believing that Mr. Blaine will also be consulted about these appointments. The last is, of course, a bitter pill for Mr. Harrison to swallow, but he is too shrewd a politician not to fully recognize that he stands not the slightest chance of being elected unless he can get the undivided support of the leaders of his party, and he stands ready to humiliate himself to get that support; but it does not follow that he will get it, no matter what he does.

The House passed the fortification appropriation bill and is now considering Representative Shiveley's bill to reduce the duty on tin plate, which it hopes to pass before the close of the week. The bill provides that after the first of next October the duty on tin plate shall be 1 cent per pound, and that after October 1 1894, it shall be put on the free list.

The Ways and Means committee of the House has decided to defer for the present consideration of Representative McMillin's resolution providing for adjournment on July 4. The reason for this is that the members of the committee are satisfied that the Senate will not agree to adjournment so early as that.

Mr. Harrison is trying to placate the silver Republicans with empty honors. It was at his suggestion that Senator Dubois, of Idaho, was selected to make the speech formally notifying Mr. Harrison of his nomination.

Knowing that the chance of getting anything after the 4th of next March is next to nothing, the men who nominated Mr. Harrison are swarming to Washington to get something now. M.

A Reservoir that may Break.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., June 21.—Word has been received here that the Pottsville water company's big reservoir, located on the mountain southwest of Frackville, has started to leak, and in order to prevent a catastrophe to the people likely to be affected should the dam break, telegrams and messengers have been dispatched along the valley between the dam and Pottsville to notify the residents of New Castle, St. Clair, Port Carbon and Palo Alto of the condition of affairs, and suggesting to them to be prepared to take to the hills on an instant's notice. Hundreds of inhabitants of these towns have, in accordance to this notice, abandoned their homes and properties and taken to the hills. Others are arranging their household goods and valuables and still others are getting in readiness to remove their goods on an instant's notice. Telegraph operators along the line near the dam are prepared to sound the warning instantly and give notice of approaching danger.

Father Mollinger's Will not Found.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 20.—Rev. Father Mollinger's will has not been found and further search for it has been abandoned. The estate will consequently go to the nearest relatives. The state of Pennsylvania will get five per cent. of the whole amount. The balance will probably be divided in three parts. As far as Attorneys Mueller and Hartje have been able to learn the relatives who are entitled to the estate are a brother, a sister and a sister-in-law, whose husband is dead and the children of the widow. All the heirs live in Europe. The only positive knowledge that a will ever existed was one made by Mr. Fetterman twenty years ago. This was undoubtedly destroyed and no other will has ever been seen. Attorney Mueller says the estate has been greatly exaggerated and that it will not exceed $200,000.

SOMERSET, Ky., June 20.—During a severe storm that passed over this section yesterday, the general store of W. H. Ryan, at Parmleysville, Wayne county, was struck by lightning. Two kegs of powder exploded, wounding all of the occupants of the store, fifty in number.

Several physicians were at once called in to alleviate the sufferings of the victims. Not a single occupant of the store escaped severe injury, and many, it is thought will die. Ryan is a man of considerable prominence, and a former representative of Wayne county in the legislature.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Mysterious Poisoning.

About two years ago Joseph A. Guthrie, a wealthy middle aged farmer on the Greensburg pike between Greensburg and Latrobe, was stricken with typhoid fever and died with a will. The deceased left a wife and one child, a son, Joseph, Jr., who, at the time of his father's death, was 2 years of age. Mrs. Guthrie continued living on the farm. About three months ago the son, to whom the estate would revert at her death, was taken ill. The attending doctors were baged, but the child was finally given relief. In a short time a relapse took place.

Mrs. Guthrie called in Dr. Donnelly, of Latrobe, and Dr. W. H. Hitzrot, of McKeesport, who held a consultation, the result of which was the discovery that the child was being given a poisonous drug, but by whom the drug was given was a mystery. Upon learning this Mrs. Guthrie at once gave up her country residence and with her child went to McKeesport to reside with her sister, Mrs. Rev. H. D. Darbaker. Under the treatment of Dr. Hitzrot the child slowly improved, and his recovery is now expected. The boy knows the name of the party who gave him the drug but is backward about giving the name.

Pittsburg Labor Troubles.

PITTSBURG, June 19.—There was a meeting of three thousand Amalgamated workers at Homestead to-day to consider the proposed reduction offered by Carnegie which goes into effect on the 24th instant. Addresses were made by Vice President Carney, of Pittsburg; P. H. Mevay, of Youngstown, Ohio; Jeremiah D. Hickey, of Milwaukee; Jerry Dougherty, of Pittsburg, and Burgess McLuckie of Homestead. The speakers all counseled moderation and firmness.

The mechanics and day laborers who are not members of the Amalgamated Association decided to hold a meeting next Wednesday evening to consider the proposed reduction in their wages. It is probable that they will stand by the Amalgamated Association and will refuse to work if a strike is declared. The feeling was pronounced against signing the Carnegie scale and a big strike will likely be inaugurated on Friday.

It is announced that if the scale is not signed on that day the firm will refuse to treat with the men as members of the association and an attempt will be made to operate the plant with non-union men.

Women Witness a Fight.

CHICAGO, June 18.—By the falling of a porch in the rear of No. 414 State street last evening, four women were injured—three of them so seriously that they may die. Two men were fighting in the yard in the rear of the above number, and the women, who all live in the building, went on the porch to witness the fight. A few minutes after having stepped out on the porch the supports gave way, and they were precipitated to to the ground.

The women injured were: Mollie Homan, twenty-five years old, badly cut about the head and injured internally; May Johnson, twenty-six years old, badly hurt about the head and injured internally; Mary Colligan, twenty-four years old, badly cut about the head and cut on the legs and feet; Mary McLaughlin; twenty years old, slightly bruised.

Their wounds were dressed, and they were removed to their homes. The first three are probably fatally injured.

Destructive Cloud-Burst.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., June 20.—A cloudburst in German Valley, this county, last night, caused great damage to corps and by sweeping away fences, bridges and outbuildings on the farms. On Plun run Robert Kalenback and family were fleeing from their home, which was inundated. He had his six-months-old child in his arms and fell. The child was carried away by the current and drowned. The body was recovered this morning half mile away. No other lives were lost so far as heard from.

The barn of George Thompson, in Dunnstable township, was struck by lightning and burned with contents, including two horses. The house of John Suiter, in the same township, was struck and badly damaged. A stone bridge at the mouth of Chathams' run was washed out, and all the township roads rendered impassable by washouts and loss of bridges. The loss to the farmers cannot be estimated.

Jarrett Attacked.

One of the delegates of the Amalgamated Association who were in conference with the Pittsburg manufacturers last week in regard to the change in the scale of wages, gave John Jarrett a severe roasting. Mr. Jarrett, it is said, told the committee how low the wages of the English iron workers were and yet how he managed to live nicely on them. He then went on to show how nicely the American iron worker could stand a slight reduction—say from 20 to 40 per cent.—and yet live comfortably.

In response to an inquiry from the delegate, Mr. Jarrett said he proposed to go on the stump for the national Republican ticket this year. The delegate then informed him that, though a Republican, he would use every effort to have his friends vote the Democratic ticket with him so as to prevent them from being further duped by Jarrett and his friends, the manufacturers.

A Double Tragedy.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 20.—At 2 o'clock this afternoon a man known as "Professor" Emil Welsh, entered the hairdressing establishment of Miss Maggie Buttress, on Beaver avenue, Allegheny, and without warning drew a revolver and shot the young woman through the the heart. He then placed the revolver to his own breast and fired. Both died instantly.

It is said that Welsh was married and had a wife and family living in Baltimore. Miss Buttress was 20 years of age, and it is said that Welsh became enamored of her and killed her because she refused to listen to his advances. "Professor" Welsh was employed at Dr. Thornburg's office, a chiropodist on Sixth street, this city, where his victim had been employed. He left the city several days since, but is supposed to have came here from Altoona to-day for the purpose of committing the deed.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—In 100 years $500 worth of pennies would only be worth $250 so quick does copper money wear away.

—Truckee, Nev., had a shaving contest recently. The successful artist scraped his man in 45 seconds and no blood was shed.

—There is a calf on John Seeds' farm at at Wawaset, Chester county, that is six weeks old, yet is as destitute of hair as a block of granite.

—Mary Kries, aged seventeen, residing near Harmony, Warren county, N. J., was struck by lightning and killed during a thunderstorm Friday evening.

—Miles Darden, who was living in the State of Tennessee in 1857, was the largest man known to history. Clad in thin summer clothes he weighed 1,007 pounds.

—Charles Abraham, a French Canadian, residing at North Adams, Mass., poured Kerosene over his wife Saturday and set fire to her clothes. She was badly burned.

—Jane Griggs found a house snake, three feet long, in her baby's cradle at the family residence at Palo Alto. The child was not at all disturbed by its clammy companion.

—The feat of putting a standard locomotive together in ten hours from the driving of the first rivet to the varnishing of the cab was performed in Stratford, England, recently.

—A Lancaster county farmer owns a pair of horses which are so well broken that they will pull a harrow regularly across a field from morning until night without a driver.

—A careful woman has her home in Port Richmond. She was married 16 years ago, and began her married life with two rows of pins. She has 37 of them yet, and would be happy if she could find the three missing pins.

—Two trains collided at Charleroi on Friday morning, demolishing both engines. Henry Schenck, engineer, jumped from his engine and was badly injured. John Carver, a passenger from Titusville, who lost $1,500 in the flood, had his spine injured.

—Although it may not be known the woods of Northern British America are still invested by hundreds of queer species of bison known as the "woods buffalo." He is much larger than the bison of the plains, which formerly abounded in such numbers.

—A team of oxen driven hard to a plow all forenoon last Friday by Peter Bota, who is employed on a farm two miles from Birdsboro, became very thirsty. When turned loose at the watering trough they drank over three barrels of water and both died in a few hours.

—Twenty-five or thirty of the men employed on drift wood work trains, on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad, were injured in a rear-end collision with a section of train No. 92 Monday at Sterling Run. Several of them were hurt seriously but not fatally. No flag out was the cause of the accident.

—One of the most expert money handlers in the Treasury Department at Washington is a woman, who has the remarkable record of counting 75,000 coins in a single day. So delicate and sensitive is her sense of touch that even when counting at this tremendous rate she detects a false coin with unerring instinct.

—Alto Stablein and George Von Alten were put off a train on which they were stealing a ride from Buffalo to Erie on Saturday. Five minutes later they were struck by another train and killed. Three of their companions attacked Brakeman Newton, who put the dead men off the train, and he was fatally shot.

—William Patterson, a colored teamster of McKeesport, awoke about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning to find his lamp having exploded. Patterson saved the house by rushing out with the burning bed clothes. He received terrible burns and is at the point of death. Should he recover his hands will have to be amputated.

—Representative C. W. Stone, of Warren, has little hope of securing government aid for the Titusville flood sufferers. He has not presented his bill appropriating $200,000 for that purpose, and will not do so until he receives official notification from the governor that state and private subscriptions are insufficient to relieve the want.

—A murderer who is to be hanged in Savannah, Ga., July 22, has just concluded an unusual financial transaction. He has sold his head for $15, to be delivered on the day after his death. The money will buy him whatever extras he needs and help brighten his short time on earth. The purchaser will use the head for phrenological purposes.

—During a severe electrical storm in Uniontown, Pa., on Saturday, Mrs. John Yowler was struck by lightning and instantly killed. At her feet played her infant child, which was uninjured by the stroke. The bolt entered the chimney and came out the fire place. Mrs. Yowler's face was so blackened by soot that she was not recognized until washed.

—During the ceremony attending a Hungarian christening on Saturday night, of last week, at the Nellie coke works, six miles west of Connellsville, the guests filled themselves with liquor and participated in a free fight, which resulted in the killing of one of the number and the serious wounding of several more. Five of the principals have been captured.

—The reservoir of the Mahanoy City Water Company, containing 3,000,000 gallons of water, burst on Saturday and flooded the valley. No lives were lost, as timely warning had been given and the people in the inundated district had time to get to higher ground. The property loss will not be greater than $50,000. The dam was in bad condition and workmen were repairing it when it gave way.

—In the Western part of South Dakota is one of the most wonderful natural curiosities in the world. This is the cave mountain. The mountain is literally honeycomed with caverns, which run in every direction through it, and in some places form tunnels which run clear through the mountain. It is estimated that there are fully 300 distinct caves, not counting those which connect with others as separate ones.

—Col. Singerly, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record*, intends to make an exhibit of a steer in the agricultural department of the fair, which for weight and general fine condition will excel anything in the record of steers, if exhibited. This steer is to weigh at least five thousand pounds, and will probably weigh over that, and is now fattening at Col. Singerly's stock farm, Gwynedd. It already apparent that the splendid animal is likely to fulfill the expectations of its owner and beat the record in weight and condition of any steer ever exhibited in the agricultural world.

BALTZELLS'

EVERY decent man likes to see his wife well dressed, just as well as he can possibly afford, and the hundreds of patterns of silk that we sell monthly support this assertion. Our silk department shows some beautifully printed silks in all prices, from 50c. to $1.25. We have had an big sale in black China silks and still have a supply at 50 to $1.00. The nicest thing in the world for for summer wear. We have also a beautiful and varied stock of Wash Silks at 50 to 87c. Next to China Silks in beauty and desirableness are all-wool Challies, graceful and elegant. We have them at 4o, 5o and 65c. a yard. Voile Laines are next in price and beauty at 17c. a yard, closely pursued by Canton Crepes, an exquisite fabric, in light shades, at 15c. a yard. The Brandenburys are of a different style, fine and in handsome patterns, at 2oc. per yard. In satines there are many styles—plain, brocaded and printed, at 2o and 37½c. a yard. Pongees come in light and dark shades and are very pretty at 12½c, as well as the Llama Cloths, in Navy blue and light and dark colors. A few pieces in light shades are still on hand of the unapproachable Lansdowne at $1.25 a yard.

Now step around on the other side of the booth and you will find a charming array summer wash goods. Beautiful Zephyrs, 15c to 25c., all shades and colors. Another grade, 12½ to 18c. Irish Lawns in white grades with stripes figures or polka dots, 12½c.

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

B. & B.

WASH FABRICS.

Special Values in Most Desirable Goods. Choice Lot

PRINTED CREPONS,

24 inches wide, Cream Grounds with neat Sprays, Flowers and Figures—fast colors.

10 CENTS.

New 31-inch

BEDFORD CORDS

—a wash fabric—in Delicate Blue, Pink Stripes.

15 CENTS.

32-inch

CANTON CLOTHS,

light and dark colors, 10c, and 12½c.

New

Drap de Pampas, 32 inches wide, the choicest WASH FABRIC of the season.

15 CENTS.

We offer a very choice line of

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS,

Beginning with

PRINTED PERCAL WAISTS,

Plaited Back and Front 40c. and 50c., and including everything newest and best up to Silk Waists at $10.00.

White Lawn Waists, 50c. to $4.00.

And we have special facilities for filling your

LETTER ORDERS.

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

JOHN PFISTER,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Hardware, Queensware,

MADE-UP CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

VEGETABLES IN SEASON,

HARNESS, ETC.,

OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL,

CRESSON, PA.

may2 '92y

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

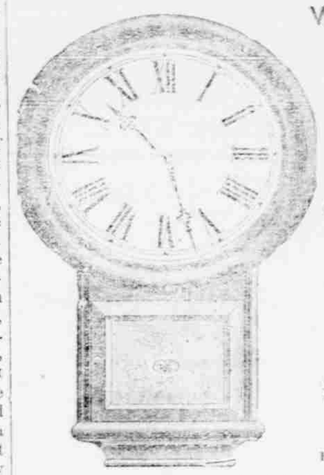
Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-'89

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks

—JEWELRY,—

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—AND—

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Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches In Key and Stem Winders.

A BIG SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED. ☜

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

YOU WILL LOSE MONEY

If you don't buy your Spring Suit from J. B. WILBER.

OPEN FOR YOUR INSPECTION.

THE LARGEST STOCK AND LOWEST PRICES ON ALL GOODS WE EVER NAMED.

Our Spring Goods:

Shoes—all qualities, styles and sizes.

Hats of all the latest styles and leading brands.

Caps for people who are particular about the "latest."

Furnishing Goods of all kinds in abundance.

Neckwear and Underwear that surprival anything you see elsewhere.

Umbrellas—all grades, colors and sizes.

Rubber Goods and "Fish brand" slickers.

Working Pants, Dress Pants, Over-alls and Jackets.

Slippers for men, women and children.

☞ THE CHEAPEST 50-CENT SHIRT IN EBENSBURG.

Give Us a Call.

WE CAN SAVE YOU AT LEAST 10 PER CENT. BY DEALING WITH US.

J. B. WILBER,

EBENSBURG'S CLOTHIER.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL!

We can now show you a Complete Assortment of Spring Goods consisting of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Hats, Shirts, Trunks and Valises, and everything usually kept in a First-Class Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store.

OUR SPRING STOCK

have arrived and our stock is much larger and prices lower than ever before. We feel pleased with our new stock and would be glad to show it to you. Call and examine our stock and prices. We can and will save you money. Respectfully Yours,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,

—DEALERS IN—

General : Merchandise,

CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

J. D. LUCAS & CO.,

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

In presenting this announcement we take great pride in calling attention to our present stock of goods. It will be our aim to sell nothing but the best of goods, and at the lowest possible cash price. We have received within the last few days several new things in Shoes and Gents' Furnishings, and have a large stock ordered, which will be coming in as fast the factories can make them.

Inviting you to call and see our goods and get prices, we are

Yours Respectfully,

J. D. LUCAS & CO.,

Opposite Cambria House. EBENSBURG, PENNA.

"QUINN'S,"

New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Colonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFFTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A

Office in Opera House, Centre street.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 24, 1892.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mr. James Perry, of Chest Springs, is [illegible] Ebensburg.

—[illegible] fishing on Sunday makes [illegible] penalty of $25.

—Mr. [illegible] Cain, of Carroll township, [illegible] Ebensburg on Wednesday.

—Mr. John L. Slough, of this place, is [illegible] sick list—laid up with painter's [illegible].

—Mrs. Henry, of Houtzdale, Pa., is [illegible] goods in Ebensburg the present [illegible].

—Mr. [illegible] Collins is erecting a new [illegible] handsome residence on High [illegible].

—Mr. [illegible] Weakland of Elder township, [illegible] to the FREEMAN office on [illegible].

—A number of our young people went to [illegible] on Wednesday, to take in the [illegible] at that place.

—Mr. William Mullen, of Clearfield [illegible] who some time ago took a trip [illegible] has returned home.

—Mr. D. A. Clark, one of Clearfield [illegible] leading citizens was a visitor [illegible] on Wednesday.

—The funeral of Geo. M. Reade Esq., de[illegible] took place on Friday, leaving [illegible] at half past one P. M.

—Mr. George Burley, who was on the [illegible] several weeks is now able to [illegible] and look after his business.

—Mr. D. E. Mechling, of Susquehanna [illegible] was kicked by a horse one day [illegible] and had an arm broken.

—Mr. W. J. McCombie, of Carroll town[illegible] made a trip to Ebensburg on Wednesday and returned home the same day.

—Isaac Ereshek, a merchant tailor of [illegible], has left for parts unknown without settling with his creditors.

—The state fish commission has distributed [illegible] brook trout in the streams of Central Pennsylvania and will put out 2,000,000 [illegible].

—The Saturday half-holiday, under the [illegible] of Assembly, in this state, began on [illegible], and will continue until Septem[illegible].

—Messrs. Geo. W. Sherry, of Barr township, [illegible] John A. Bender, of Carroll township, [illegible] town for a few hours on Wednesday.

—Walter Shoemaker, who has been attending school at St. Vincent's college during the past term, returned home on Wednesday.

—Mr. B. F. Rager, of Jackson township, [illegible] in to see us on Tuesday and added his name to the FREEMAN'S list of subscribers.

—The special train between Ebensburg and Pittsburg is expected to make its first appearance here for the season on Saturday evening.

—The borough authorities have completed the work on Julian street and that thoroughfare is now one of the best roads in town.

—The FREEMAN has lately added a large quantity of new material to its job department and is now better equipped to turn out fine job work at the lowest prices.

—Farmers of this section report the crops [illegible] in a promising condition with the exception of the corn which is not doing well on account of wet weather.

—Charles M. Swank, chairman of the Democratic county committee has a call for a meeting of the County Committee, which which will be found on our editorial page.

—The remains of another flood victim were found in Johnstown on Thursday of last week. They were those of a boy 12 years old. There was nothing found but the bones.

—Mr. David Jones and wife, of Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, Pa., formerly of this place, were here on Tuesday in attendance at the funeral of their nephew Charles Rowell.

—Twenty-seven were added to the list of boarders at the jail on Saturday last. They were tramps, brought up for trespassing on the railroad. And the county has to pay cost.

—The Rorwind-White Company is spreading out into Indiana county, taking options on coal lands, says the *Coal Trade Journal*. If the coal proves good, the company will purchase them.

—Four ounces of saltpetre disolved in a pail of water and sprinkled on the cucumber vines is said to be an excellent preparation for destroying the little black insects that infest them at this season.

—The large frame barn of Joseph C. Noel in Clearfield township caught fire in some mysterious way on Thursday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock, and was soon a mass of smouldering ruins. It was insured in Cambria Mutual for $600.

—Mr. S. W. Allen, of 5th ward Johnstown, is being urged by a number of his friends as a candidate to fill the vacancy in the Democratic ticket for Assembly. Mr. Allen is a popular Democrat and would make a strong candidate.

—District Attorney O'Connor has brought a prosecution against P. M. Dague of Johnstown, for libel. The libel published of was a letter over Mr. Dague's signature published in the Johnstown *Tribune* of June 13th.

—The American Telephone Telegraph company have established an office in this place in James' drugstore. Talking over the wires can now be done between Ebensburg, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Washington and intermediate points.

—A lawn fete will be held in the yard of the Presbyterian church on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, June 28th and 29th. Ice cream will be served in afternoons and evenings of both days to such as desire. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—The new line of railroad between Kaylor's and Ebensburg, as laid out by the engineers now at work, crosses the present road just seven times between the two points. When laid out on paper they are coiled together like a couple of snakes.

—William C. Miller, the moonshiner of Somerset county was sentenced to ten years imprisonment by the Somerset court on Wednesday of last week, for the murder of Jonathan Hochsteller. His son Robert Miller received a two-year sentence for being an accessory.

—The Davis Brothers last week sold a tract of land in Jackson township containing about twelve hundred acres to C. D. Lemmon, trustee, for a sum aggregating $7,000. The purchaser represents a large firm of coal operators that are doing business in Philipsburg, Pa.

—James Krise, a railroad brakeman whose home is at St. Augustine, was caught between the bumpers while coupling cars at Kaylors on Sunday and received a severe contusion and laceration of the right leg. He was taken to the Altoona Hospital for treatment.

—Best pocket map of this state ever issued; 2 colors; in strong cover. All counties, rivers, railroads, postoffices. Correct to date. Fast seller. Agents wanted. Boys' girls' make money easy. Send 10c. for agent's sample copy to the Caxton Building, room 7, 134 Water St. Pittsburg, Pa.

—A meteor was seen to drop in a field in Huntingdon. John Gable and John Jarrett went to the spot where it seemed to alight, and found a strange looking stone as big as a man's fist and still very hot.

—The Bar Association of this county have purchased a gold headed cane and are having it suitably engraved for presentation to H. J. Crouse, who was until recently, court crier for a number of years.

—The engineers locating the new railroad are now at work between Bradley's and Ebensburg, following down nearly parallel with the branch, but a little higher up on the hill as it approaches Ludgwig's dam. The location of this route brings it into Ebensburg and that is what we all want.

—On Tuesday Mr. Teeter, of Blacklick township, hauled out the household goods of Mr. Dennis McHugh, who is moving into a house on the Wagoner farm, in that township. Mr. McHugh is a mining expert, in the employ of Mr. McFadden and is looking up the coal along the Blacklick.

—Frank Orner, of Indiana, a fireman on the Pittsburg division, was instantly killed in the Conemaugh yard on Saturday morning. He stepped off a freight train immediately in front of mail train east, nauled by engine 706, with the above result. He was about 23 years of age and unmarried.

—On Thursday of last week the dwelling house of Michael Styles, in Blacklick township, caught fire from a defective flue and burned down together with nearly all the household goods. When discovered the whole of the upper part was bursting into a blaze and very little could be saved. There is no insurance.

—An Italian employed at the tunnel near Carrolltown was thrown under the wheels of a moving car on Saturday last, and had one of his legs severely injured, the muscles being badly lacerated and torn loose from the bone. Dr. Sloan dressed his injuries and has hopes of saving the man's leg from amputation.

—Cut flowers will last three times as long if a little salt and charcoal is put in the vase of water. By stripping the leaves from the stem which stands in the water the life of the blossom is prolonged, as these leaves only vitiate the water. Every day, at least, the water should be changed and the ends of the stalks stripped with a knife.

—The Catholic congregation at St. Augustine will hold a picnic at that place on the fourth of July for the benefit of the church. On the nights of the 4th and 5th dancing and other festivities will be on the program at the parochial hall. The proverbial hospitality of of the people of St. Augustine will be extended to all who attend and is a sure guaranty of their having a good time. All invited.

—Thomas Charles Howell, son of John Howell, of Johnstown, formerly of Ebensburg, died at his home in that city on Sunday last, aged seventeen years and six months. He is survived by his parents and four sisters—Mrs. Maria Tudor, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Ludwig, and Misses Martha and Urania, of Johnstown. His remains were brought to this place on Tuesday and interred in Lloyd's cemetery.

—Mrs. Henry Sadler, of Webster, Westmoreland county, attempted to kindle a fire in the kitchen stove by the use of carbon oil on Tuesday. The can exploded throwing the burning fluid over the unfortunate woman. She was burned so badly that the flesh dropped from her body, and her death is momentarily expected. The house took fire and with its contents was entirely destroyed, entailing a loss of $1,700.

—The cottage where Sam Rees resided at the time he was murdered by Elmer Bruner, situated on the Pittsburg pike about a quarter of a mile west of the the borough limits was discovered to be on fire on Friday night about ten o'clock, and was soon reduced to ashes. The cottage was in a dilapidated condition and was unoccupied. It is supposed that tramps had been using the house as a place of shelter and set it on fire. The property is now owned by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—On the evenings of July 4th and 5th a festival and dance will be held in the Opera House, the proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the Catholic church in this place. The Sunshine orchestra will furnish the music and everything that can be done to make it a success will be looked after by the committee having in charge the arrangements. The refreshments will be served in McBreen's restaurant below while the hall above will be used for dancing. Everybody invited.

—The contested congressional case of Greevy vs. Scull was argued before the House Elections Committee last Thursday on behalf of Mr. Greevy by his attorneys—ex-Senator Wallace, of Clearfield; Agustus Landis, of Hollidaysburg; ex-Congressman Levi Maish, of York, and Aug. V. Dively, Esq., of Altoona. Mr. Scull presented his side of the case Friday, through ex-Congressman Boad, his attorney. In all probability it will be a month before the committee renders a decision.

—Maggie Long, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Henry Long, of Hollidaysburg, while kindling a fire in the cooking stove on Wednesday afternoon about four o'clock, preparatory to getting supper, poured carbon oil on the kindling wood in the stove. Under the wood were some smouldering chips and in an instant there was an explosion, wrecking the stove and setting the girl's clothing on fire. She was horribly burned, her clothing being burned nearly off. She cannot recover.

—E. F. Goller, postmaster at Ford Hill, Somerset county, was given a hearing before United States Commissioner Gamble at Pittsburg on Friday on the charge of embezzling registered letters and retaining and secreting letters. He was arrested on Thursday of last week by Marshal Harrah. At the hearing it was shown that about 50 letters he had opened had been found in a box, nailed up; also 11 registered letters. In default of $2,000 bail he was committed to jail for court.

—Mrs. Mary Leidy, an Altoona woman, who had lived apart from her husband for some time, died on Friday. At the Coroner's inquest on Tuesday it was found that Mrs. Mary Leidy's death on Friday was caused by some mysterious poison. Three leading physicians were called before the jury, but could shed but little light on the case. An effort is being made to discover the person who furnished or administered the fatal drug. Mrs. Leidy was born at St. Augustine in 1855 and was a daughter of John Trexler, of Clearfield township.

—James Brady, of Munster township, who resides with his mother near Mullen's hill, was fatally injured in the yard at Ninth street Altoona this (Thursday) morning at about fifteen minutes of 2 o'clock. It is thought that he went to Altoona on a freight train and was making his way out of the yard when the accident happened. Just as he was crossing the track opposite Eleventh avenue and directly under the Ninth street bridge, he was struck by engine No. 402, knocked upon the track and run over. The right leg was crushed at the ankle and the left almost ground off close to the body. The accident was witnessed by a number of railroaders but they were powerless to avert it. Brady was taken to the hospital but his recovery is not expected. Mr. Brady was a single man about thirty years af age. He was a Catholic in religion and the last rites of the church were administered to him. Besides his mother, he has one brother, Robert Brady, of Munster township.

—John Murdock last week sold the old Johnstown Lumber Company's tract in Paint township, this county, along the Somerset & Cambria Railroad, containing 380 acres, to J. J. McDonnell and John Itel, of Portage, and Larry Siemendenger, of Brisbin, Clearfield county. The consideration was $3,000. Nearly all the timber has been cut from the tract, but it is underlaid with the Allegheny series of coal. The frontage on the railroad is two miles. The purchasers own other lands adjoining this piece, and intend to engage extensively in coal operations.—*Somerset Democrat.*

—Major Burke has been troubled very much with the wound in his head since he came here last spring. About ten days ago he had another attack and was seized with bleeding at the nose which continued at intervals for three days. His sufferings were intense. Finally part of the parietal bone, which was broken and had remained in his head for 28 years, passed down into his nostril, where it remained for several days, when he succeded in dislodging it. It was ½x¾ inches and had formed a sack around it. He feels greatly encouraged, as part of the cause of his extreme suffering has been removed.

—David Evans a Welsh coal miner, who has been engaged at his occupation in the neighborhood of Homer City for some years, was at the American House on Friday evening. He was feeling jubilant. A few weeks ago he received word that an aunt of his had died in Wales and left him the snug sum of $50,000 in hard cash and he was in town aranging for a trip to the "old country," and having at ranged everything satisfactorily, he left for New York on Saturday morning, from which town he will sail for his old home. He is an industrious man and his good streak of fortune finds him needing it. After arranging his affairs in Wales he will return to this country and enjoy his wealth.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—Within the past two weeks most brutal assaults have been committed on little girls in a half dozen different parts of Johnstown, and in two instances the victims have been so badly injured that their lives are despaired of. In each case the man escaped. On Friday while playing in the cemetery, several boys began stoning a man who passed by. This unusual proceeding attracted the attention of the gravedigger and when he asked the boys for an explanation, they replied that they had seen him assault a little girl. Officers were telephoned for at once and the fellow was arrested. When brought to the city and confronted by his victims, the brute was fully identified as George L. Light and he was brought to jail to answer at court for his crimes.

—It is said to be the intention of the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company when the Cambria & Clearfield railroad is completed to run the tracks across the main line at Cresson, with a bridge some place near the tower, the intersection of the eastern terminus of the present "Y," and connecting with the tracks on the new New Portage road. All the coal from the Chest creek, Susquehanna and Blacklick regions will be carried over this route and through the New Portage tunnel at Gallitzin, getting on the main line at or near Bennington. By this line the Pennsylvania railroad tunnel at Gallitzin, which is often crowded to its utmost capacity, will be relieved of a large amount of traffic, and the Portage tunnel utilized for carrying a share of the freight of the road.

Burglars in Ebensburg.

On last Saturday morning about one o'clock the millinery store of Miss Mary Davis, on High street, in this place, was entered by burglars and two trays of jewelry taken from a show case. The entrance to the store was effected by breaking out one of the large lights of glass at the side of the front door. Quite a number of the neighbors heard the noise of the breaking glass, but did not know where it came from. After gaining access to the store the midnight prowlers broke in the side of the show-case where the jewelry was kept and carried off two trays. Their exit and retreat must have been a hurried one, as pieces of broken glass and jewelry were scattered along down the alley adjoining Miss Davis' property towards the railroad depot for some distance, evidently falling from the tray in their hasty flight. It is reported that one ring was found some three miles south of town on the Wilmore road.

On Friday night or Saturday morning the wareroom of Mr. Andrew Strittmater near the depot was entered by burglars and as near as can be ascertained about thirty or forty pounds of bacon carried off. The entrance to the room was effected by breaking the glass and sash of a window. The burglars had first tried to get into Mr. Strittmaters' store room by breaking one of the windows of that room but after breaking one of the lights of glass they found the window secured on the inside by iron bars running across which prevented their access to the store room.

A couple of pieces of the bacon were found on Saturday on the Wilmore road near the bridge below Griffith's dam.

Obituary.

READE.—Died at his home in Ebensburg, on Wednesday, June 22, 1892. Geo. M. Reade, Esq., aged about 73 years.

Mr. Reade, who was one of the oldest attorneys practicing at the Cambria county bar, was born in Fairfield township, Westmoreland county. After finishing his education at the Allegheny Institute, he began the study of law in Pittsburg with Read Washington, Esq., of that city, and afterwards completed his studies with Messrs. Potts & Kopelin, of Johnstown, and was admitted to the Cambria county bar on the 8th day October, 1851. Some time in 1852, Mr. Reade opened an office in this place, and commenced the practice of his profession. He was possessed of indominable industry and energy and by close application he soon acquired a large and lucrative practice which he retained up until the time of his death, and it is said that in the forty years of his practice at the bar in this place the term of court ending last week was the only one he ever missed in all that time.

Mr. Reade was a Republican in politics but was never a seeker after political honors. In 1883 when Cambria county became a separate judicial district, his party honored him with the nomination for president judge, but his party being in the minority, he was defeated by the late Judge Johnston. Mr. Reade is survived by one son. Matthiat, of Ebensburg, who made his home with his father. His wife died about thirty years ago and a daughter some ten or twelve years ago.

Eminent Facts.

The question is often asked and scarcely ever answered, why whiskey made now is not as pure and reliable as it was forty years ago. It is nevertheless a fact that it is made purer and better to-day than at that time. With the improved methods fusil oil and other impurities are entirely eliminated. A sworn statement as to the purity, age and quality of the whisky sold is furnished by one dealer who advertises full quarts, six year old pure Penn,s Rye, at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00. Silver Age $.150 per quart. Duquesne $1.25 per quart. Port, Sherry, Sweet California Wines at 50c. A complete catalogue and price list of all foreign and domestic liquors mailed on application by

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

For sale by J. & A. E. Bender, Ebensburg, Pa.

The Jury List.

Following is a list of the Grand and Traverse jurors drawn to serve at September term of court:

GRAND JURORS.

Allendorfer, John H., machinest, Johnstown.
Angus, George, farmer, East Taylor township.
Baum, Jonas, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Baker, A. J., saddler, Johnstown.
Collins, Hugh, farmer, Clearfield township.
Dick, James A., stone keeper, Morrellville.
Dodson, William, bartender, Johnstown.
Delaney, Bernard, farmer, Gallitzin township.
Evans, John L., farmer, Cambria township.
Findley, Jacob, merchant, West Taylor township.
Higgins, John H., clerk, Johnstown.
Kilduff, James W., editor, Tunnelhill.
Kelly, John R., shoemaker, Lilly.
Layman, John B., farmer, Clearfield township.
Leggett McClelland, laborer, Morrellville.
Leadbeater, Geo E., la'o er, Morrellville.
Miller, Gregory, manufacturer, Hastings.
Murphy, Lawrence, Sr., farmer, Munster township.
Patch, Alva L., pattern-maker, Morrellville.
Roberts, Scott, farmer, Summerhill township.
Sweitzer, L. W., mason, Conemaugh.
Van Orner, C. D., miller White township.
Wilson, Smiley, foreman Johnstown.
White, John, bricklayer, Johnstown.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Anna, Charles, carpenter, Elder township.
Bolvin, Nicholas, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Butler, Gustav, merchant, Johnstown.
Banfield, George, surveyor, Johnstown.
Barker, E. V., clerk, Coonerdale.
Brown, Hilbert, farmer, Reade township.
Byrne, John, laborer, Carrolltown.
Cullen, A. N., cabinet-maker, Wilmore.
Dobson, John M., salesman, Johnstown.
Duncan, C. J., lumberman, White township.
Farabaugh, C. A., brewer, Carrolltown.
Farrell, John H., laborer, Morrellville.
Griffith, W. G., dairyman, Conemaugh township.
Gordon, Leonard miner, Johnstown.
Glass, D. A., farmer, Munster township.
Garman, Adam, miner, Reade township.
Good, Samuel, farmer, Barr township.
Hugnes, Thomas, farmer, Munster township.
Horner, Edward C., farmer, East Taylor township.
Hildebrand, Wm. L., carpenter, South Fork.
Hobert, John, weigh boss, Gallitzin township.
Hill, A. W., laborer Morrellville.
Linsteiter, George, miller, Johnstown.
Leslie, Andrew, laborer, Carroll township.
Livingston, John A., laborer, Upper Yoder township.
Mills, Adolph, roll-turner, Johnstown.
Murphy, Michael, farmer, Cambria township.
Myer, August, shoemaker, Johnstown.
Miller, W. D., carpenter, Dale.
Mouse, Joseph B., farmer, Croyle township.
Mulvehill, Emmett, carpenter, Ebensburg.
Moran, Peter, farmer, Allegheny township.
Mills, Harry E., fireman, Conemaugh borough.
Messenger, Lincoln, fitter, Johnstown.
McKee, Thomas, farmer, Susquehanna township.
McLain, William, merchant, Morrellville.
Nickolson W. L., hotel-keeper, Hastings.
Nevill, William F., mill-hand, Johnstown.
Orris, Joseph J., laborer, Richland township.
Rice, F. A., clerk, Hastings.
Reese, Morgan, laborer, Johnstown.
Roberts, Joseph, laborer, Johnstown.
Sherman, William, farmer, Jackson township.
Spirnbarg, August, mill-hand, West Taylor township.
Von Alt, John, barber, Johnstown.
Weakland, Luke, teamster, Ebensburg.
Wagoner, Peter, farmer, Blacklick township.
Young, D. M., merchant, Morrellville.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Ahlis, Nicholas, farmer, Carroll township.
Byers, George, farmer, Croyle township.
Burk, Silas, farmer, Croyle township.
Benson, Samuel, miner Lilly.
Render, John, farmer, Clearfield township.
Beaner, John, mill-hand, Johnstown.
Croyle, Philip S., laborer, South Fork.
Darvey, Barney, grocer, Johnstown.
Davis, John S., farmer, Cambria township.
Duncan, David, miner South Fork.
Dunn, James, miner, Lilly.
Derr, Charles, engineer, Morrellville
Foust, Samuel, butcher, Dale.
Fees, John E., hotel-keeper, Johnstown.
Flanigan, Charles, lumberman, Reade township.
Glass, John, farmer, Clearfield township.
Gartner, Jonathan, contractor, Upper Yoder township.
Gilbert, William, carpenter, Upper Yoder township.
Hawkins, John, laborer, Upper Yoder township.
Hammers, August, laborer, Johnstown.
Harris, David clerk, Coonerdale.
Hammer, C. E., laborer, Reade township.
Hite, John B., farmer, Blacklick township.
Jones, Hugh, farmer, Cambria township.
Keller, William B., clerk, Johnstown.
Kibbler, Charles, laborer, Chest township.
Kinney, Charles, hotel keeper, Washington township.
Knorr, William, tanner, Cambria township.
Libby, Adolph, farmer, Elder township.
MaDonald, J. J., merchant, Portage.
Mosebach, L. F., carpenter, Johnstown.
Murman, J. F., carpenter, Conemaugh township.
Notley, R. F., merchant, Reade township.
Ream, S. C., merchant, Dale.
Ritter, John, machinest, Johnstown.
Stutzman, Aaron, farmer, Croyle township.
Stutzman, Frank, clerk, Washington township.
Strittmatter, J., confectioner, Carrolltown.
Shull, Jeremiah, wagon-maker, Richland township.
Somerville, A. E., merchant, West Taylor township.
Smith, F. M., clerk, Johnstown.
Troxell, William H., blacksmith, Johnstown.
Weist, Leo, farmer, Croyle township.
Weaver, Alex., farmer, Richland township.
Weakland, Mark, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Williams, John G., farmer, Barr township.
Wyland, Nicholas, teamster, Hastings.
Yeckley, William, butcher, Gallitzin borough.

Bold Robbery.

On Saturday night between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, the back door of the dwelling house of Mr. George B. Wike, in the peaceful village of Belsano, eight miles west of Ebensburg, was broken in, and three men, disguised with extempore masks, ran to the room in which the old gentleman and his wife were sleeping. They were aroused by the noise made by breaking the door, but did not have time to get up until they were confronted by the three men, one of whom flourished a revolver and demanded their money. While one of the men stood guard over the old couple in bed the other two began ransacking the house, opening bureaus, cupboards, trunks and searching every place where they thought money might be concealed. They found between seven and eight hundred dollars in a cupboard, which they took and then demanded the old man's watch which was at once handed over. Before leaving they helped themselves to some canned goods and other edibles, which they took along along with them, leaving the premises about one o'clock. The next morning some of the neighbors tracked the thieves as far as Munday's, but there the tracks were lost sight of.

Mr. Wike is about 82 years of age and he and his wife live alone, he having retired from business several years ago. He is not certain as to the exact amount of money but places the amount somewhere between seven and eight hundred dollars.

The parties who are supposed to have committed the robbery were seen in the neighborhood during the day not were strangers to that locality.

It is a very foolish practice for people to keep large sums of money about their houses, and especially where they live in country or in small villages.

A Shooting in Bedford County.

In the Snake Spring Valley, in the eastern part of Bedford county, on Monday Adam Hofecker was mortally shot by Daniel Miller. The Miller and Hofecker families live on adjoining farms. Hofecker moved there from Johnstown last fall, and before long was on intimate terms with Mrs. Miller, who is the mother of two children. Last April, after leading her husband to believe that she was going to visit relatives in Martinsburg, Mrs. Miller eloped with Hofecker to Johnstown.

Miller found them, but both were forgiven by pleading innocence of any wrong, and all returned home and resumed their usual duties. Miller found a letter from his wife's seducer appointing a meeting, they thinking he had gone to Bedford. Instead of going to Bedford, however, Miller hid near the house with a shotgun. In a short time Hofecker appeared and entered the house. As the couple left the house together Miller approached them and filled Hofecker's body with shot, several entering the kidneys.

Hofecker was removed to his home. A physician who extracted the shot said the wounds would be fatal. Public feeling is with Miller, who is extremely distressed over the affair, while his wife shows no signs of regret or feeling in the matter.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, June 22, 1892:

Michael Murphy and Mary E. Prosser, No. Six, Blair county.

Daniel B. McGarey and Mary Farren, Gallitzin.

William F. Ribblet and Elizabeth Ellen Riblett, West Taylor township.

W. Dick Shupe and Anna C. Benford Johnstown.

Ladislaus Kozusko and Mary Kalcher, Johnstown.

James Marin and Amanda J. Bailey, Johnstown.

Robert Ralston and Ella K. Ling, Indiana, Pa.

William Hysong and Mary M. Hess, Coopersdale.

Court Proceedings.

In the case of A. F. Fick vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which was on trial last week when our report of the court proceedings closed, the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for the sum of $150. The attorneys for the defendant made a motion for a new trial, which will be heard at Argument court.

In the case of Rothschild Bros. vs. Michael Carroll, the only case left on list, was settled.

—An infant child of T. M. and Rose Apple, of Reade township, died on Saturday last.

Miscellaneous Notices.

EBENSBURG MARBLE AND GRANITE Works, as sketched by a special reporter of the Johnstown *Daily Herald*.—Reliable dealers and fine goods.

"During a recent flying trip to Ebensburg the writer of this article visited the Marble and Granite Works of Jas. Wilkinson & Son, which were founded in 1865. The senior member of this progressive firm has had an experience of thirty-five years, and his son and partner is also a skilled worker. The class of work they produce is of the highest class and style. From four to five hands are employed and the very finest monuments in the county seat are specimens of their skill. Shipments are made through this and to adjoining counties.

"All kinds of cemetery work is executed and a fine line of Iron Railing is handled and sold. The stock of work kept on hand (received by the car-load) is very extensive and many very fine monuments are exhibited, two especially being executed in the rustic style and in imitation of brickwork, with a finely executed cross on the top. Among the many fine monuments erected by this firm is an eight-ton fifteen-feet-high monument for Sheriff Griffith, monument for Father Christy (sixteen feet high), also monuments for Jacob Kibler and daughter of John Griffith. Both gentlemen give personal attention to business as well as executing the finest work. In all the time they have been in business they have adhered strictly to the maximum all goods just as represented and prices as low as the same class of work can be bought elsewhere. We have no hesitancy in recommending Messrs. Wilkinson & Son to our readers as reliable business men, progressive and trustworthy. Visit their establishment before ordering elsewhere."

☞ Special attention paid to setting work.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Secretary of the Chest township School Board for the building of a School-room, Outbuildings, and clearing off one acre of ground. The place is known as the McKance school. All bids must be in by July 1st, 1892. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOS. HIPPS, Secretary. JAS. I. GILL, President.
June 17, 1892.

NOTICE.
The Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will have $2,000 to sell on the 4th Monday of June, 1892, at their office in Council Chamber, Ebensburg, Pa. LESTER LARIMER, Secretary.
June 10, 1892-3t.

FOR SALE
Farm in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa. For particulars call on or address
MRS. ELLEN O'DONNELL, Cresson, Pa.
June 17-3m.

STRAY HORSE.
My horse strayed away on the 21st inst. He was a small dark bay with one white hind foot and mane cut off. I got the horse in Cambria county and think he started for home. Any information as to his where abouts will be thankfully received. JOSEPH MILLER,
Box 71, Jeanette, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

A CAR-LOAD of Barb Wire cheap at Dufton & Son's.

EXECUTOR'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE!

THERE will be exposed to public sale at the Washington House, in the borough of Gallitzin, in Cambria county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1892,

at two o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

No. 1. A piece or lot of ground situate in said borough of Gallitzin, bounded on the north by the Pennsylvania Railroad; on the east by lot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company (station lot); on the south by Chestnut street, and on the west by an alley, having thereon erected a large two-storied Frame Hotel building known as the

"WASHINGTON HOUSE,"

a Frame Stable, an Ice House, and all necessary Outbuildings. The Washington House is one of the best hotel buildings in said borough of Gallitzin, and has been licensed for many years.

No. 2. A piece or lot of ground situate in said borough of Gallitzin, bounded on the north by lot of Joseph Gutwald; on the east by Nutter alley, and on the south by Zachriah Topper, said lot fronting fifty feet on Main street and extending back one hundred and seventy feet to Nutter alley, and having thereon erected a two-storied

Frame House and Outbuildings!

The Coal and other minerals and necessary mining rights having been reserved by David Watts, the former owner of above described lots of ground in aforesaid conveying said lots the said Coal and minerals and mining rights will be reserved and excepted when sold and conveyed by the undersigned.

TERMS OF SALE:
Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when above properties are sold; the balance of one-third deeds or deeds are delivered; one-third in six months, and one third in twelve months from day of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

F. J. PARRISH,
Surviving executor of Albert Bender, deceased.
Gallitzin, Pa., June 17, 1892.

EXECUTORS' SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
GRIST MILL!

THE undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises in Cambria township, on SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892, at one o'clock, P. M., the well-known

Shenkle Grist Mill,

and about 25 ACRES OF GOOD LAND, DWELLING HOUSE, STABLES and other OUTBUILDINGS.

☞ This is a very desirable property, situated within one-fourth of a mile of Ebensburg station; sufficient water power, and well established trade.

TERMS OF SALE will be favorable to purchaser and made known on day of sale.

J. A. GRAZIER,
A. V. BARKER,
Executors of David Shenkle, deceased.
June 17, 1892-2t.

1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county.
In the matter of the first and final account of M. Fitzharris, administrator *de bonis non* of the estate of Peter Burns, deceased.
Having been appointed Auditor by said court to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the borough of Ebensburg, on **Wednesday, July 20, 1892,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
Ebensburg, Pa., June 24, 1892-3t. Auditor.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent.
EBENSBURG, PA.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Sample free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2436, New York City.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
☞ Office on Centre street, near High.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
ESTABLISHED 1872.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
Carrolltown Bank,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS
Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS
Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS
Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS
Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from.....50c. up.
Team Bridles, from.....$1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from.....40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from.....$6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from.....$10.00 up.

☞ Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr1291f

LILLY
BANKING : CO.,
LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

LILLY BANKING CO.
feb5'90. Lilly, Penna

FOR SALE.
The timber leaf of a tract of land situated in Dean township, Cambria county, containing not less that half a million feet of Lumber—two-thirds Hemlock, balance hard wood. Within three-quarters of a mile of the C. & C. R. R. Inquire of JAMES KEARNEY, Agent,
1102 Eighth Ave., Altoona, Pa.
June 10, 1892, 6t.

SIMON'S!

UP WITH THE SALES!
DOWN WITH THE PRICES!

No let up to the Great Bargain Sale this week of Dress Goods, Carpets, Shoes, Oxfords, and Clothing. GO THEY MUST!

This week we will sell a big lot of new Challies at 3 and 4cts. a yard. New wash dress goods, worth 10c., at 8c. a yard. New 50-inch dress goods at 15c. Dress ginghams at 8, 10 and 12c. Good calico at 5c. Linen toweling, 5c. Red table linen at 21c. Cartain scrim, 7½c. Men's gray-mixed Hose at 5c a pair

Carpets! : Carpets!
at Lowest Possible Prices!

Is our watchword. We can suit you in prices, can please you in quality, and if you want to buy carpets this month come to us, as you will find our prices the lowest of any house in this county. 1-yard wide carpet as low as 15 cents a yard. Cotton ingrain at 30c.; best heavy ingrain at 45, 50 and 60c.; Brussels at 65, 70, 75, 85c. and $1.00; Rag at 30, 38, 45 and 50c.; Stair at 20, 22, 25 and 38c.; Straw Matting at 17, 19 and 25c.; Window Shades, 6 feet long, on spring rollers, at 25, 30, 35 and 45c. each,

SHOES! SHOES!

Infants' button shoes, 1 to 5, 22c. a pair; Children's spring heel, button or lace, 5 to 8, 50c.; Children's spring heel shoes, from 9 to 11, 75c.; Misses high cut spring heel button, 11 to 2, $1.25 and $1.48; Ladies' Oxford Ties, patent leather tips, at 75c.; Ladies' Oxford Ties, patent leather tips, $1.98; Ladies' cloth-top Oxfords, with tips, at $1.23, Ladies, try our new button shoes at $1.23, $1.48 and $1.75. Also our new cloth-to spring heel shoe at $2.48. Gentlemen, try our new solid leather shoes at $1.24 and $1.50; Kangaroo, Lace and Congress at $2.25 and $3.48 Boys' lace shoes, 11 to 2, 90c.; 2 to 5, at $1.23.

Try Our Clothing!

For the next ten days we will give you your pick of two hundred men's suits worth $12.00 and $13.50, at

TEN DOLLARS!

This week we will sell a big lot of Children's and boys' suits at a TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. REDUCTION! Purchasers to the amount of $10.00 or over will have their fare paid

EARTHQUAKE PROOF.

A Factor That Must Be Considered in Japanese Architecture.

In all countries where earthquakes are of common occurrence the art of constructing buildings in such a way as to resist the effect of the shocks has been studied, and, as always happens, experience has proved the best teacher. An extraordinary opportunity to compare the strength of buildings thus made with others built after the ordinary European fashion was furnished by the terrible earthquake in Japan last October, says the Youth's Companion.

Prof. John Milne, one of the foremost authorities on the subject of earthquakes, has studied the effects of this great shock, which destroyed over forty thousand houses, and reports that "in many places so-called 'foreign' buildings of brick and stone, undoubtedly put up in the flimsiest manner, lie as heaps of ruin between Japanese buildings yet standing."

Some of the Japanese castles and temples escaped, though situated within the district where the shock was most destructive. Prof. Milne attributes this in the case of the castles to their pyramidal form and to the moats that surround them, and in the case of the temples to the multiplicity of joints between the roof and the supporting columns, the effect of which was to produce a "basket-like yielding" when the temples were shaken by the earthquake, thus preventing the breaking of the walls.

In some of our western states where tornadoes occur a similar problem is presented, and so far no method of constructing a house that will enable it to resist the tornado's fury has been invented, and the only alternative has been to dig underground chambers near the houses, into which families can flee for safety.

Probably a Japanese would consider one of our tornadoes as a thing far more to be dreaded than the earthquake of his native country.

PECULIAR TO ONE RIVER.

The St. Lawrence Is the Only Stream That Has No Flood.

The St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things that affect its mighty flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it, asserts a writer in the American Angler. It might be safely affirmed that not one per cent. of the American public are aware of the fact that, among all the great rivers of the world, the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such, however, is the case. The difference between high and low water in the Ohio at Cincinnati is nearly fifty feet. Even the upper Mississippi, placid and smooth-flowing stream as it is, sometimes overflows the country for miles on either side of its banks. The turbulent Missouri is also subject to immense rises. Some eight years ago it very nearly drowned out the flourishing city of Council Bluffs, and, had it risen three feet more, the magnificent iron bridge that spans it and which connects Council Bluffs with Omaha would have only spanned a mud hole, and the vagabond river would have carved out a new channel for itself right through the center of Council Bluffs. Even the mighty Amazon has its rises and falls; if its southern and northern tributaries should happen to be low, or to be high at the same time, it becomes seriously affected. Every river, in fact, on this continent, and all over the world, has great rises and falls brought about by the elements, the St. Lawrence alone excepted.

A RARE VIOLIN.

It Antedates the Declaration of Independence and Has a History.

Probably one of the oldest and most valuable violins to be found on Long Island is owned by Prof. George Hewmann, the well-known musician, whose country residence is in the picturesque north side village of Huntington, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. The instrument is of Italian make and Mr. Hewmann thinks it is the only one of its kind in this country.

According to the [illegible] on the inside of the top of the instrument it was made by David Tickler in 1707. The present owner of the violin bought it from a friend named Horatio Benson, whose home was at Syosett, L. I., in 1861. Mr. Benson was a talented musician and played in theaters in this city after coming to this country in 1809. Benson sought seclusion at Syosett in his old age and while he was there Mr. Hewmann came into possession of the violin.

Soon after receiving the instrument from Benson Mr. Hewmann sent it to Strodel, in this city, to be repaired. It was not until then that the fact of its ancient manufacture became known to its owner, for, on taking it apart, Strodel found the maker's name on the inside inscribed in quaint Roman letters, and the year 1707.

Mr. Hewmann has often received flattering offers for his violin. Not only have these offers come from curiosity hunters, but from some of the leading musicians of the present day.

The instrument is indeed a handsome one and possesses a tone of rare richness, being fairly loud but entirely devoid of harshness. The sweet strains of the old instrument have been heard on both continents and in nearly every city in the old and new world.

GREAT ELEVATORS.

Two Near New York That Are the Largest in the World.

The largest elevators for carrying passengers in the world are on the banks of the Hudson, near Weehawken, says Harper's Weekly. The high table-land in New Jersey, opposite New York city, and between the Hudson river and the Hackensack, has up to this time not been used as generally for purposes of pleasure and residence as it should have been. This elevated plain, known as the Palisades, is at its beginning some one hundred and fifty feet above high tide, and is over a mile wide at the same point. It stretches north for many miles up the Hudson river, and naturally rises in elevation as it proceeds. This high land has been accessible only by steep grades for wagon roads, and by means of stairways which climbed laboriously up the steep cliff.

The Hudson County Railway Company, which operates the elevated road at Hoboken and controls many of the street-car lines in that neighborhood, has of late years been extending these lines, and increasing the facilities for getting on top of the Palisades, and from one part of this high plateau to another. The most recent addition to the plant of this company has been the building of huge elevators at Weehawken, where the ferryboats from Forty-second street and Jay street, New York city, discharge their passengers.

These elevators are the largest ever constructed for passengers, and in planning them the engineers have adopted new devices to secure their safety against accidents. From the elevators, which rise just from the water's edge, there is an immense viaduct or elevated railroad which runs some eight hundred feet back to the hill, where connections will be made with the various steam and horse cars which will run in one direction and another.

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From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINSATT.

The Trooper's Experience.

Messrs., Basutoland, S. Africa, March 7, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had these sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BENEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

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Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Diseases from the system.

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Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

As Its Worst Form. 1

BROOKLYN, LAFAYETTE AVE., Dec., 1882.

Rev. J. C. Brown vouches for the following: James Rooney, who was suffering from St. Vitus' Dance in its worst form for about 12 years, was treated by several physicians without effect. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured him.

Wonderful Results Elsewhere.

HOLYOKE, MASS., November, 1882.

I was in pain all over, could neither rest either night or day and was getting worse for months, but after taking Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic only one week I was able to sit up and attend to my business. I have paid out over two hundred dollars for nervous medicines, but received benefit. I certainly would recommend long ago if I had known of it.

JOHN A. MILLER.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

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Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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ENNUI OF OFFICERS.

Men to Be Worth Anything Must Vary Employment With Enjoyment.

Alluding to one or two conspicuous recent instances, the New York World says:

Neither neuralgia nor drink nor insanity nor debt is necessary to make a United States army officer feel like committing suicide. Slow promotion and lack of occupation causes many an ambitious man to occasionally wonder if life is worth living. Nevertheless very few undertake to decide practically that it is not.

Nothing is easier to demonstrate than that men who are worth anything at all must sometimes vary either their employment or their enjoyment. The profession of arms opens up the most glorious possibilities in times of war, especially in the service of a nation which is as well calculated to take care of itself as the United States. But it may prove exceedingly lonesome as it is certainly monotonous in times of peace in a country like this, where the arts of peace are always to the fore, except in the very heat of conflict. In Germany, on the contrary, these hypochondriacs would be the jolliest of fellows, having men whom they could command almost absolutely and having for their imperial master a young fellow who may not correctly understand the first principles of campaigning, but who loves military reviews better than he loves even the empress and his children, and almost as well as he loves his all-important self.

In other armies in Europe also the jaded, lonesome American officer turned European could reflect that millions were toiling and delving for him. Here he sees hundreds of thousands coining money and getting cartloads of enjoyment while he lives off of reveille and taps. But, save for the few thus inconvenienced, it is all right. A commercial nation, easily mobilizable, does not need to imitate tottering despotism in turning its brave officers and men into mere janizaries.

A STRANGE CASE.

A Train Saved by a Premonition of His Engineer.

A telegraph operator on one of the single-track roads leading out of Pittsburgh had an experience last week that will last him a lifetime, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The young man became careless, as dispatchers sometimes will, and he gave orders for a freight and passenger train, moving in opposite directions, to go to a certain station. When the trains had started the operator suddenly remembered that they couldn't reach the place without a collision. It was too late to countermand the order, and in his agony cold drops of perspiration ran down over his face. In describing his feelings afterward, he said he lived years in the few short minutes which would decide the fate of the trains.

He was startled and relieved by seeing the engineer of the freight walk into the tower. The engineer had received his orders, but when he reached a switch he had a premonition there was something wrong, and he turned in on the side track. His train was scarcely out of the way when the express thundered by.

The next day the operator went to the superintendent of the road and told him what had happened, at the same time handing in his resignation. The manager looked at him for a moment, and then said: "Go back to your work, my boy. This experience has been a lesson to you. I don't think it will occur in the future."

RECRUITS FROM THE COUNTRY.

They Make Better Soldiers Than Those from the Cities.

Within a year past the recruiting flag has been hung out in many of our New England towns and villages by officers of the regular army detailed for the purpose of gathering volunteers to fill up the ranks of Uncle Sam's forty regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery. Once recruiting stations were maintained only in big cities like New York and Boston, but the material secured there was not of the best. Secretary Proctor had an idea that the country youth were better qualified, mentally and physically, for a soldier's life than the dregs of our floating urban population, and under his direction recruiting parties, each headed by a commissioned officer, were sent into rural New England, New York and some portions of the west. The experiment is said to be working admirably so far as the welfare of the army is concerned, though the officers do not enjoy the necessity of moving from one town to another, drumming up recruits as a commercial traveler drums up trade. The new system of enlistment and the various minor reforms which Secretary Proctor was instrumental in introducing during his term of service have had a marked and instantaneous effect upon the character of the army. The soldiers are happier and more contented, and desertions are fewer than they have been for many years.

DUST TEST FOR FIREARMS.

A Process for Determining the Perfection of Workmanship.

One little-known process to which small arms manufactured for the United States are subjected is the dust test, intended to subject the piece to the same dusting it would receive if carried by the soldier in a march across the alkali deserts of Arizona or Utah or the sage brush prairies of Montana or Wyoming. Troops are frequently compelled to tramp for hours through such clouds of dust that the heads of the leaders of a six-mule team can be but vaguely seen from the wagons and the dust so fine and penetrating that the soldiers' guns and every garment soon become coated with it. The artificial production of a similar experience for an arm that might be adopted for military service is manifestly a very pertinent trial. This is accomplished by placing the rifle on a shelf within a closed box, so that the breech mechanism, which is closed, shall be opposite the mouth of the bellows; fine sand is then permitted to fall slowly across the blast of air, which thereby in two minutes, the time of the test, drives the sand into any open joints or into the depth of the mechanism if it is much exposed. The gun is then removed and wiped carefully with the bare hand, also blown into and cleaned, just as a soldier who suddenly goes into action would do with a gun he has carried on a dusty march. The piece is then fired twenty shots. This test is then repeated, the magazine being charged before exposing the gun to the dust; the cartridge and the gun are then wiped as before and the gun again fired twenty rounds.

PERSONAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE late Emperor Dom Pedro was much interested in gardening and kindred pursuits.

THE empress of Austria's name when traveling is that of Elizabeth Nicholson. She once had a favorite lady's maid of that name.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, from her sofa in a quiet house in Mayfair, London, still directs the chief training-school for nurses.

THE sultan of Morocco, having been thrown by a white mule, has ordered the back of the contumacious beast to be bastinadoed.

THE staff of nurses at the Sarah Acland home, Oxford, have presented to Mrs. Liddell, the wife of the retiring canon, a silver card case in memory of her long connection with the home.

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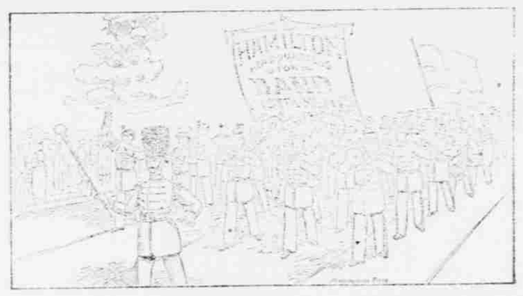

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all of which you know leads the musical world in quality and character of their goods. While we put the prices down to you at such rates, and on such

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As puts one of these elegant instruments within the reach of

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You should have a Decker Bros. or Knabe or Fisher, or Estey, and Story & Clark instrument, instead of some cheap or unknown or perhaps some old fossil make. Therefore have only one of the above named instruments. Have no other. Also remember that for either Pianos or Organs, Bands and Orchestra instruments we will make to you the very lowest Single Profit Prices, and EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT. Also remember to write direct to the house, or call personally at the salesrooms in the

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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are entirely vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but their gentle action pleases all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause lean in poverty and sin in obscurity! Borrowing despair is the fate of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is pressing! Reach out. Be up and doing! Improve your opportunity, and success apparently, promises more than it often performs. Remember the words of the philosopher, that "the goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life," embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return. Now shall you find the golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise, that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a good start in life. The golden opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex, in all ages. You can do the work and live at home. Wherever there is a mail, beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can devote your spare moments, or all the time to the work. Experience not needed. You can increase your income as you go on. You can give us a trial, and if you see fit so to do, work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is completely new and really wonderful. Write instruct and show you how, free. Fortune unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Useless to delay. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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LEAH, THE UGLY GIRL.

She, and Not Her More Beautiful Sister, Found Highest Favor.

One of the earliest historic beauties of whom we have any record was a sister who committing a theft upon her own father and then telling a most atrocious lie to conceal it, while we are told by orientalists that her sister Leah, in whose person the ugly girl makes her first appearance upon the stage of authentic history, in all probability acquired the "tender eyes," that proved so detrimental to her matrimonial prospects, as the result of self-sacrificing devotion to domestic duty. Upon her, as eldest daughter, naturally fell the care of the household at her mother's death, and, while the pretty Rachel was roaming the fields in the poetic character of a shepherdess or flirting and gossiping with the shepherd lads around the well of Padanaram, poor Leah, the household drudge, was spoiling her eyelids and making her complexion coarse and red over the kitchen fire. And it was for this that she was despised by her husband, though Jacob, I have no doubt, writes Miss E. F. Andrews in the Chautauquan, could say as many fine things about the domestic virtues as some of our popular newspaper moralists who are always lamenting the degeneracy of modern women because they don't know how to spin and weave and cook and wash and iron as their grandmothers did, and who yet would be the first to despise you, my fair readers, for your coarse hands and red faces if you were to take them at their word and cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the frying pan and the washtub. Now, I don't say this out of any want of respect for those humble utensils, but only to remind you, gentle reader, that your first duty is not, as Grant Allen tells you, to look pretty, but to do your duty whatever it may be, and whatever may be the opinion of men concerning it or concerning you for doing it. And remember, it was not the beautiful Rachel, mother all, whose offspring gave to Israel its royal line and to mankind its king, but Leah, the ugly girl, whose plain face did not keep her from finding favor in the eyes of her Creator.

ROOSTERS IN COURT.

Two Game Chickens Interrupt a Detroit Judge in His Charge to a Jury.

Two crowing roosters destroyed the effect of Judge Chambers' charge to the jury in the recorder's court the other morning and furnished great amusement to the crowd of spectators.

The case was one of arson, and the charge of the judge proceeded in this wise:

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge — "Cock-a-doodle-doo," shrieked one rooster—"you have heard the evi— "Cock-a-doodle-doo," answered the other rooster—"dence on both sides of this case as given by the different"— "Cock-a-doodle-doo" — "witnesses and the arguments of the prosecutor for the people" — "Cock-a-doodle-doo" — "and the attorney for the defendant.

"You have heard of the rooster—I—I—mean the defendant—tell where he was on the night of the fire"—"Cock-a-doodle-doo."

The spectators were by this time unable to restrain their laughter, and the judge looked appealingly toward the door-tender, who closed the rear door. But this did not entirely drown the sound of the barnyard fowl, as every once in awhile the faint echo of a "cock-a-doodle-doo" would mar the solemnity of the courtroom and cause a smile to o'erspread the features of the urbane and dignified judge.

The cause of the roosters' presence was afterward explained when they were brought into the courtroom and introduced as evidence in another case. They were supposed to be game cocks, worth about ten dollars apiece, but one fellow's beauty was spoiled by having had all his tail feathers pulled out. The other one, known as a "blinker," had only one eye, having lost the other in a hard-fought battle.

Do Animals Think?

The query, do animals, other than men, think? has done aide service in becams all over the world for many, many years, and yet I saw an answer to the inquiry, says a Detroit Free Press writer. A horse having a halter on his head had escaped from his stable and his owner was trying to recapture him. As horses nonally do under such circumstances this horse was most tantalizing and aggravating. He would dodge, kick and run at the most inopportune moment and enjoyed the fun. Presently a dog ran barking at the horse, which stood stock still. The dog became more bold and at last snapped at the horse's heels. It isn't likely that he will repeat the experiment very soon, for he howled himself out of sight on three legs as the horse walked quietly up to his master with an air which seemed to say: "That was all I was waiting for."

Queer Friendship.

"In the village where I live," says a writer in the Spectator, "I was in the habit of visiting two poor, infirm old women, one inhabiting the single downstairs room, the other occupying the garret above her. Each kept a jealous watch as to whether I bestowed more ten or sixpences on the other and each was sure to tell me every ill trait she could hear of the other. One day the old lady, who lived upstairs, thanking me effusively for my visit, said: 'You're the only lady ever comes near me, the only friend I have. That one,' pointing downwards, 'has heaps of friends,' adding hastily, lest I should be too favorably impressed by that circumstance, 'and there's not wan of them but hates her.' I thought to myself that such a description of friendship may sometimes apply to higher circles than that of my poor old friends."

FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

It Was Sent Over Three Miles of Bonnet Wire January 6, 1838.

Stephen Vail, the son of the Alfred Vail so closely identified with early telegraphy, says that on May 1, 1844, his father telegraphed from Baltimore the news that Henry Clay had been nominated for the next president. Mr. Vail also says that the first real message transmitted by telegraph was sent over three miles of bonnet wire, stretched around the walls of a large room on the second floor of the now historic factory at the Speedwell iron works, Morristown, N. J.

The date was January 6, 1838. On that day a new set of instruments was put up and tests were made in the presence of distinguished guests. All persons were then convinced that Mr. Morse and Mr. Vail had laid the foundation of a wonderful discovery. But it was not until five years afterward that the bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars for their invention passed the senate and was signed by the president.

Wives for Ten Dollars.

The Esquimaux wear reindeer skins for clothing. They buy them from the Siberian Chuckchees, who come over to an international fair that is held every summer on Kotzebue sound, just above Behring strait on the Alaskan side. For the pelts seal oil and walrus oil are exchanged. There is much dancing and feasting on these occasions, as well as trading. All the trading is done by barter, no sort of money being in circulation. At this fair also many wives are bought. One can purchase a very good article of a wife for ten dollars. Wives among the Esquimaux people are usually bought. Sometimes the women are consulted.

LADIES!

Are you reckless enough to venture? If so send two cents in stamps to the *Mook Publishing Co.*, 528 and 530 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated **"Ladies' Books."** It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement.

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THE POGONIP FOG.

A Peculiar Climatic Condition Observed in the Sierras.

"The city of Carson, Nev., [illegible] the other evening the thickest fog yet [illegible] by "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," says a correspondent of the Carson Appeal. The pogonip fog is [illegible] elevated altitudes in the Sierras. It ascends from the earth by [illegible] and is so much heavier than [illegible] who are proficient in the science of [illegible] it is apprised by the most unskilled man that the dreaded fog is [illegible]. Mr. Gruber, a well-known Nevada mining barometer, [illegible] the preceding description of the [illegible]

"In the White Pine mining district, Toquima, the Hykoand the Pah Ranges it is quite common for [illegible] houses and everything out in the open gradually become white with the congenial cause. There is a mist in the air, but the last air from the [illegible] gradually ascends up the mountain sides, and, becoming crystallized by the crystals attach themselves to [illegible] in sight. This phenomenon is [illegible] man beings in just the same manner, and when the fog passes by, the [illegible] particles will adhere to the [illegible] clothing, producing a very unpleasant sensation. Hot Creek valley is situated in the center of the mining district, and is so called because of the warm springs that are always to be found there. These springs cause a pogonip in the district every night, and for this reason [illegible] the wind in the valley always blows from one direction in the day time, and after sunset it invariably blows from the opposite point. The cold air [illegible] the heated air passing over the springs, and as soon as the [illegible] air forces the heated air to the surface, it reaches a temperature of from 90 to 100 degrees, the result is a pogonip."

CONCERNING CHECKS.

A Banker's Suggestions as to Dating and Signatures.

The embodiment of a dozen-to-a-cent idea that when the public learned the value of the check they should have it printed with their names on it would be a great advantage to many [illegible] to-day for the employés of [illegible] in New York, says the New York Sun. "When the public has learned to use the little check," the banker said, "it will be well to give the business men [illegible] privileges. At present the [illegible] is for the most part confined to [illegible] checks. Let the business man who [illegible] is a check-book have the privilege of [illegible] check for the exact amount, and [illegible] that the check is filled in with the [illegible] of the bank, and not on the face of the check. Under this form of check [illegible] the date, amount, signature, etc., can be seen at a glance. Another [illegible] the check is bound up with the [illegible] checks and bills it is not necessary to get it out from the bundle to get information about it. A cashier can save [illegible] packings of such checks, thus [illegible] ends and set them aside in less time than it would take to go over [illegible] three checks of the older form. Many of the larger banking houses and big corporations have adopted the check and it will eventually find its way down to the smaller concerns."

ELECTRIC TRAINS.

We May Look for Such Things in the Near Future.

Every now and then we learn that electric motors will soon take the place of steam locomotives on railroads. How much truth there is in the matter is well stated in an inter